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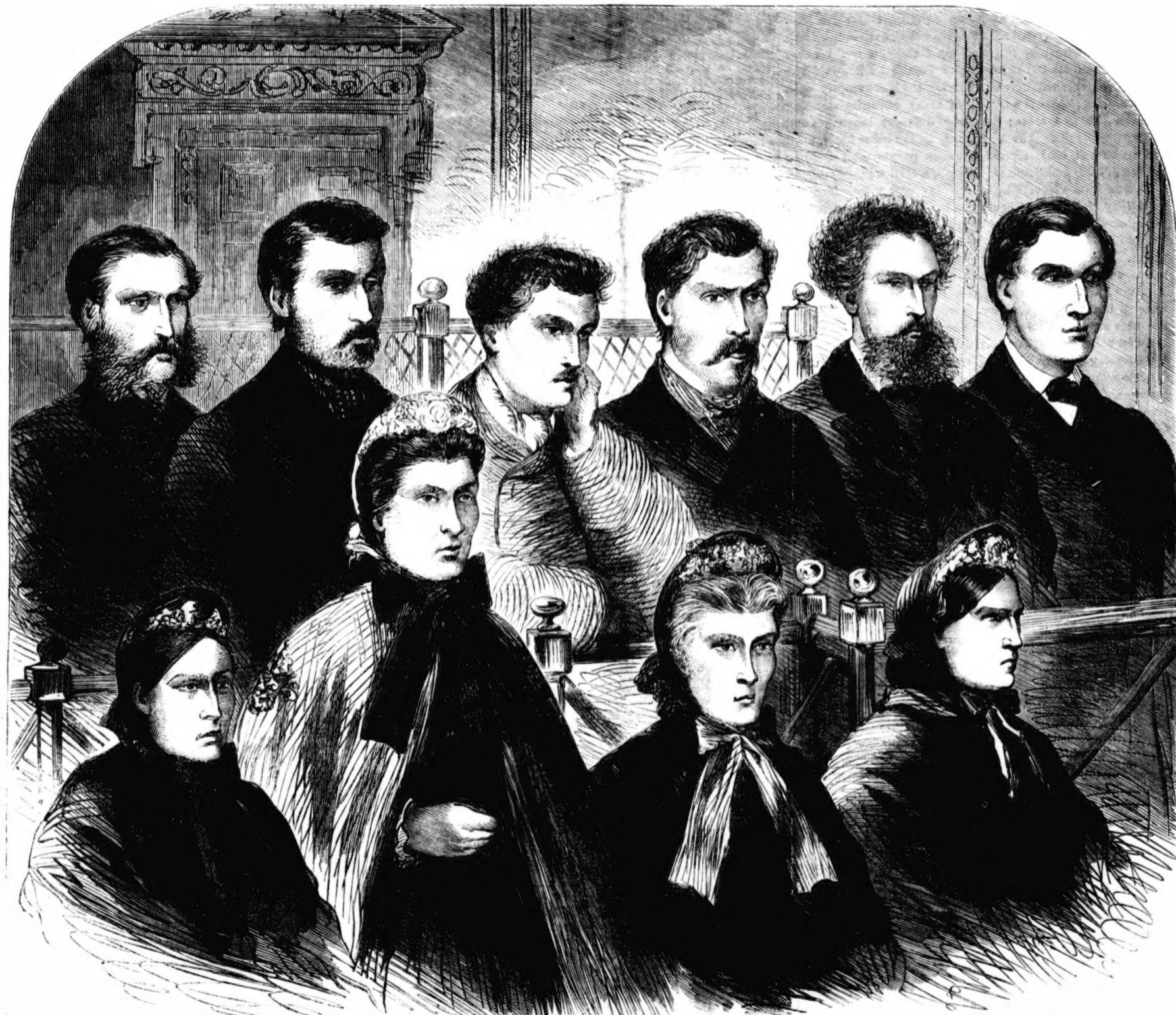
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## AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

THE surrender of Wilmington, following close on that of Charleston, has done much towards confirming the impression that the American war must now be drawing to a close. The recent negotiations with a view to peace seem indeed to have been "the beginning of the end." That they failed has nothing to do with the matter. The important thing was that they were entered upon at all, for until the present year there had been no signs since the commencement of the war of even a disposition to negotiate. Now, there has been an actual cessation of hostilities (though nominally there was no armistice), and there is evidently no desire on either side to continue the fighting from a mere feeling of detestation, such as seemed to animate both North and South until only the other day. Moreover, there is henceforth no need of a mediator between the combatants. The ice has been broken, and they

can discuss their own affairs together without the intervention of any third party. At the very beginning of the war Russia was prompted by her well-known benevolent disposition to tender her good offices with a view to a reconciliation. France has been understood for some time past to be willing to render a similar service, though recent complications in connection with Mexico may have altered her intentions. England has felt from the beginning that any advances on her part in the character of a pacifier, instead of being well received, would be resented by the Americans; and the result has proved that leaving them alone was the best, or at least the most humane, policy that could be pursued. There is far more prospect now of the war coming to an end than there would have been if our "good offices" had at any time been pressed upon the combatants. Interference would have irritated them, and the most reasonable propositions would have

been rejected, if only from perversity, had England presented them. Even before Charleston was evacuated, it appeared from a statement made by the *Times* correspondent resident in that city (who seemed much grieved, by-the-way, at having to mention the fact) that many Southerners were beginning to talk of "accepting the best terms that could be gained from a magnanimous enemy;" and, after the very serious reverses that the Confederates have lately met with, they may consider those terms just tolerable at present which they would scarcely have listened to a few weeks ago. If not, the Federals will, in all probability, continue their successes; and, although they may never thoroughly subdue the Southerners, they may yet inflict such losses upon them and render their position so disastrous that, when negotiations are next entered upon, almost any terms short of unconditional surrender will be considered acceptable.



ROBERTS.  
MRS. GEOFFREY.

GEOFFREY.

MRS. CASELY.

CASELY.

BREWERTON.  
MRS. BREWERTON,

BROWN, OR "SCOTTY."  
MRS. HURLEY.

THE CITY BURGLARS BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR.

The war, we are told, has "entered upon a new phase;" and we hear much of the "new policy" adopted by the Southerners—which consists in giving up the seaports and the line of coast to the enemy, and retiring into the interior. It is even said that the new policy includes as one of its features the abandonment of the capital.

Unfortunately, during the last ten years we have learned by actual events to understand the value of these tales of policies and manœuvres being deliberately adopted, when, in fact, they are only resorted to from harsh necessity. As matters stood, it was quite right, no doubt it was "good policy," to quit Charleston; and it may be "good policy" to evacuate Richmond. But for such steps to be thought prudent the position of the Confederates must be one of great danger, or, if not of danger, at least of weakness; for, with the new "policy" that they have taken up, the army will probably for some time to come be safe even from menace. If the Federals follow the Confederates into the interior of the country, this, we suppose, is what the Confederates would above all desire. But, if they content themselves with cutting them off from all communication with the sea, they might in time starve them into submission. The Southerners in England maintain that the contest may still be kept up for an indefinite period. So, as a matter of physical possibility, it may; but we know what enormous prices the Confederates used to pay for medical stores sent to them from Europe, and such things as surgical bandages and quinine are almost as necessary for an army as gunpowder itself.

If the Confederates mean to adopt the guerrilla system, and to risk no more great battles, they may of course prolong the fighting for many years to come. But we can scarcely understand such a change, after they have been conducting the war for four years in a regular manner. Such a falling off would dishearten the country, and, feeling that it was beaten, it would give in.

An argument often used by some of our contemporaries to prove the impossibility of subduing the South and keeping it in subjection permanently is this—That to hold the disaffected territory it would be necessary to govern it as Russia governs Poland; a task which in the end, we are told, would disgust the North itself, and, moreover, would bring about a permanent change in the character of its Government, to say nothing of the immense cost of the army of occupation. We cannot accept this view at all. We believe that, whatever may be the terms agreed upon, an agreement of some kind will ultimately be arrived at. More than that, even if the South should be subdued by force of arms alone, it could never stand to the North in the relation of Poland to Russia. The Poles have never willingly lived under the same sceptre with the Russians; there is a hatred of many centuries standing between the two races; they have different languages and different religions. The Americans, on the other hand, until the rupture of 1861, formed but one people, and the war between North and South is, after all, a civil war.

It would be rather late in the day now to consider the possibility of North and South coming to an understanding as to the conditions on which they are in future to live, if not hand in hand, at least side by side, on the American continent. The great question now is, what will they do afterwards, and will they cement their union by a joint attack upon England? The partisans of the North speak as though it were an insult to the American Government even to entertain the idea as a supposition. The fact, however, remains that Mr. Seward, in his letter to Mr. Adams, speaks of a project for "postponing the question of separation," and "mutually directing the efforts of the Government, as well as those of the insurgents, to some extrinsic policy or scheme." This, according to Mr. Seward, was a Confederate project. The Confederate agents in England, on the other hand, attribute it to the Federal Government. In any case, the project in question was brought forward and discussed; and it would be too late if England was only to pay attention to it at the very moment when it was about to be carried into execution.

#### THE JEWEL ROBBERS BEFORE THE LORD MAYOR.

Since the persons in custody charged with being concerned in the late extensive burglaries at the establishments of jewellers were transferred to the charge of the City authorities, the prisoners have been several times brought before the Lord Mayor at the justice-room of the Mansion House for the completion of the case against them. The last examination took place on Tuesday, when, after further evidence had been given, the accused were again remanded.

Our illustration exhibits the prisoners as they appeared before the court last week. The names of the accused are:—David Roberts; William Brown, alias Millar, but generally known as "Scotty"; Henry Jeffreys, Thomas Casely, Thomas Brewerton, James Hurley, Martha Jeffreys, Ann Casely, Louisa Brewerton, Ellen Hurley; and Frederick William Johnson, alias Wilkinson, better known as "Carrotty Fred."

From the first, during the examinations, the conduct of the prisoner Casely has been marked by a reckless effrontery. He is a good-looking young man, of about twenty-four, wearing a light overcoat, and in other respects fashionably dressed. At a judge-and-jury club which he frequents he is known by the sobriquet of "Counselor Kelly;" and when before the Lord Mayor he cross-examines the witnesses for the prosecution in a very amusing manner, but seldom with discretion. Some of the police, especially Inspector Potter and Constable Ranger, appear particularly obnoxious to him, and he never loses an opportunity of exercising his wit and sarcasm at their expense. On one occasion, when Ranger was making his way to the book to be sworn, Casely said, "Here he comes, crawling in like a dog." He strongly objected to Inspector Potter being in court until he was called as a witness, and the inspector was requested to withdraw. At one stage of the examination, when he fancied the evidence of Inspector Brennan was tending to implicate him in Mr. Johnson's robbery, he amused the whole audience by saying, "I have alibis in my pocket, my Lord Mayor, showing that I could not have been concerned in Johnson's affair. One of the alibis is a certificate from the chaplain of the new prison at Birmingham stating that he had a conversation with me on the day Johnson's robbery was committed. What the other alibi is I am not obliged to state

now, as the police might try to upset it." This sally occasioned some laughter. Again, he chuckled greatly when a locksmith who had been called to identify another of the prisoners as having spoken to him when he was engaged putting a lock on a door at Mr. Johnson's shortly before the robbery, pointed to him (Casely) as being the man. It was known to the police, as had been incidentally stated in evidence, that he was at that time in prison for another offence, and, therefore, could not have been the man. Addressing the puzzled witness, he said, with a look of scorn, "You can go down; you have for once made a grand mistake; and you'll have no share of the £1500 reward, I can tell you." When he speaks of his wife, who stands near him at the bar, he always calls her his "old woman." The prisoner Hurley is a man of immense physique. From the first all the rest have stood aloof from him in the dock, as if they suspected that he, if any, would be the man who would turn against them; and it appeared, from the evidence of Superintendent Durkin on Tuesday, that they were not deceived. Brown, or Millar, otherwise "Scotty," is about thirty-five years of age, is a native of the south of Scotland, and is said to be the captain of the gang. He contrived to evade the police for some time after he was suspected of being concerned in the jewel robbery in the Strand. Two of them at last tracked him to a house in Hackney and surprised him in bed, upon which he sprang out and waged a desperate struggle with the officers, one of whom, Inspector Brennan, a powerful young man, he tried to strangle. The rest of the male prisoners are slightly made young men, presenting nothing remarkable in their appearance. The prisoner Roberts, who is a poor, cowed-looking creature, is said to have had no actual hand in either of the robberies, but he was found trying to dispose of two of the stolen watches shortly after that at Mr. Walker's.

The women are in no way remarkable; and the efforts of Mr. Beard, who appeared on their behalf, have been directed to show that whatever share they had in the robberies was the result of coercion by their husbands. The wife of Hurley has been delivered of a child since her apprehension, and is now in the infirmary of the prison.

#### Foreign Intelligence.

##### FRANCE.

There is no news of interest from Paris. The absence of the Opposition Deputies from the funeral of Duke de Morny is much commented on in political circles. The Government seem to be in great difficulty as to the appointment of a successor to the Duke.

According to a telegram from Rome General Montebello has sent a despatch to the French Government requesting it not to withdraw at present any portion of the French army, as otherwise it would be impossible to guarantee the maintenance of public order in the Imperial city.

##### ITALY.

The King of Italy has signed a decree granting a full amnesty for all political offences, including those connected with the Aspromonte affair. In Monday's sitting of the Italian Chamber of Deputies the clauses of the bill for the abolition of the punishment of death for crimes against the common law were voted by a considerable majority. Capital punishment is only to be maintained in the military and naval codes and in the exceptional laws against brigandage.

The Italian Minister of Finance made his statement on Tuesday. He reckons upon a deficit up to the end of 1867 of 427,000,000£, which he proposes to meet principally by a loan. This deficit of course is made up of the accumulated deficiencies of several years, beginning with 1862.

##### AUSTRIA.

In the Lower House of the Reichsrath, on the 9th, Herr von Schmerling stated that the Emperor had resolved to raise the state of siege in Galicia on the 18th of April next. The delay is to enable the administrative authorities to take measures for the maintenance of order and tranquillity.

##### INDIA.

The intelligence from Bhootan is far from satisfactory, and the disbandment of the Bhootan field force must be postponed. The Bhootans had attacked four of our posts, and, although driven back by our forces, they are so active and numerous that reinforcements of men and matériel will be required to subdue them.

##### CHINA AND JAPAN.

In China various bands of stragglers, consisting mostly of men belonging to the class from which the late insurrection sprung, were assembling in the neighbourhood of Fuhchau; and, although the inhabitants were alarmed and getting out of the way, the Chinese authorities were looking on with the greatest supineness.

In Japan, the daimios had assembled a large fleet for the purpose, it was said, of punishing Prince Negato for rebelling against the Tycoon.

#### THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

##### PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

On the 4th inst., the day to which our advices from America extend, the President delivered his Inaugural Address, of which the following is the text:—

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN.—At this second appearance to take the oath of the presidential office there is less occasion for an extended address than at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of the course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper; now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have constantly been called forth concerning every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself. It is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all with a high hope for the future. No prediction in that regard is ventured. On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it, all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, the insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war, to dissolve the Union and divide the effects, by negotiating. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would make war rather than let it perish; and war came.

One eighth of the whole population were coloured slaves; not distributed generally over the Union, but located in the Southern part. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew the interest would, somehow, cause war.

To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected the magnitude or duration which it has already attained; neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease even before the conflict itself should cease.

Each looked for an easier triumph and a result less fundamental and astonishing. Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God. Each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any man should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayer of both should not be answered; and neither has been answered fully, for the Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come; but woe unto that man by whom the offence cometh!" If we shall suppose American slavery one of these offences which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern that there is any departure from those Divine attributes which believers in the living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away; yet if it be God's will that it continue until the wealth piled by bondsmen by 250 years' unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn by the sword, as was said 3000 years ago, still it must be said, that the judgments of the Lord are true and righteous. With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are engaged in—to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphans; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations,

##### SURRENDER OF WILMINGTON.

On the 22nd of February the Federals completed their series of successes against the seaport towns of their adversaries by the capture of Wilmington. This place, which before secession was only a third-rate port, having little foreign commerce and hardly known in Europe, has for the last two or three years been the point to which the hopes of the Confederates and the speculations of English traders have been principally directed. After the entrance to Charleston was closed it was to Wilmington that the enterprise of the blockade-runners was chiefly directed, and between the swampy banks of Cape Fear River glided some of the fastest craft which the spirit of gain or adventure ever sent forth from these shores. This trade is now at an end, for not only has Fort Fisher fallen, but the town itself has, like Charleston, been evacuated by the Confederates. General Schofield, at the head of 8000 men, was the Federal leader on this occasion. His base of operations was Smithville, at the mouth of the river on its western bank. Between this place and Wilmington extends a desolate region of swamps for nearly twenty miles. In the midst of this was placed Fort Anderson, strongly fortified, and almost inaccessible on account of the nature of the ground. His advance might have been stayed by this obstacle, had it not been for the efficient assistance given him by the fleet. Although the wind and tide prevented more than four vessels from joining in the engagement the fort was unable to return the fire efficiently, and "was briskly quieted down." The combat was renewed the next morning by the whole of Admiral Porter's fleet, and by three o'clock in the day the Confederate batteries were silenced. Before daybreak on the 19th the place was evacuated. The Confederate guns were probably of no very great power, but such as they were their shot was successfully repelled by the fleet. The Confederate shot, it is said, made no impression on the Monitor, although but a third of a mile from the fort, while "the southern face of the fort was badly disfigured."

##### SHERMAN'S NEW CAMPAIGN.

General Sherman is ploughing through the Carolinas at the head of 50,000 men, cut off from all communication with his Government except such as he hopes to establish by force of victory; and the Southern press has been officially requested by General Lee to convey to the public no whisper or hint of his movements, lest the enemy should derive advantage, and be enabled, in case of his weakness, to send him reinforcements or provide the means for his escape. The command has been implicitly obeyed, and thick darkness shrouds all the latest movements of the adventurous invader. All that is known of Sherman in the North is that, after taking possession of Columbia, Beauregard retreating before him, he had advanced on the road to Charlotte, and that a greater soldier than Beauregard had been appointed by General Lee to oppose his future progress. It was held in the South, and is admitted in the North, that the long series of reverses which have culminated in the loss of the Atlantic cities originated in the unfortunate supersession of General Joseph E. Johnston by General Hood. The restoration of General Johnston, who is thus brought face to face with his old opponent, is consequently confessed in the North as tending to equalise the conditions of the struggle, and to render the task before General Sherman much more arduous and protracted than it would have been if he had to deal with an engineer General such as Beauregard, or a mere fighter such as Hood. At the latest dates no authentic news had been received from Sherman, but there were rumours of a battle having been fought between him and Johnston on the Tuckahoe River in which the Federals had been checked. Johnston's army was said to be much more numerous than that of his antagonist. Reports of a junction between Sherman and Schofield were discredited.

General Johnston assumed command of the forces confronting Sherman on the 23rd ult. Despatches from Charlotte, North Carolina, of the 25th ult., report all quiet, and intimate that Sherman was moving towards the sea-coast.

##### THE NEW SECRETARY TO THE TREASURY.

Mr. Hugh McCulloch has accepted the secretaryship of the Treasury. In the case of any other man the appointment would have excited but little curiosity. As Mr. Fessenden was a dilution of Mr. Chase, the new secretary would have been looked upon as a dilution of Mr. Fessenden. But Mr. McCulloch enters upon the scene under different auspices. He is, what few Americans are, a sound political economist. He has studied the philosophy and theory as well as the practice of finance. To read his letters and treatises any one who did not know that he was an American might imagine he was an Englishman or a Scotchman who had never embraced the delusion, so prevalent on this side the Atlantic, that as the resources of America are not half developed it is competent to American statesmen to run riot in wild experiment, and set at defiance the dearly-bought experience of older communities. Mr. McCulloch is, as far as his published opinions testify, a worthy successor of Adam Smith, Mill, Ricardo, and his quasi namesake, the late J. R. McCulloch, and might, from the doctrines he has enforced, be assumed to have imbibed financial wisdom from the lips of the late Sir Robert Peel, and to have learnt the principles of Free Trade at the feet of Richard Cobden.

##### GENERAL NEWS.

Washington despatches report that all non-combatants had been ordered from Grant's army, and that a great battle before Richmond was imminent. It was also reported, however, that Grant's left had abandoned its new intrenchments beyond Hatcher's Run, and retreated to the position held previous to its late advance.

Nashville despatches to the Louisville papers of the 24th ult. state that Longstreet was threatening Knoxville.

General Lee had reported the occupation of the Chattanooga and Knoxville Railway by General Vaughan's cavalry, and the capture of the Federal garrisons at Athens and Sweetwater.

The Federal Generals Crook and Kelly, captured at Cumberland, Maryland, were consigned to Libby Prison, Richmond, on the 26th ult.

Confederate accounts of the evacuation of Charleston state that the three best Confederate ironclads were run high up Cooper River and saved. All Government matériel was either removed, destroyed, or rendered useless, and General Hardee's army withdrawn intact to Kingstreet, whence it could readily reinforce or co-operate with Beauregard. General Gilmore, on the other hand, states that with Charleston 450 cannon, eight locomotives, and much other railway matériel came into his possession. Deserters to his lines assert that Hardee crossed the Santee River to join Johnston on the 25th ult., and that on the 19th 12,000 men from Hood's late army passed through Augusta with the same object.

The new bill for arming the slaves passed the Confederate House of Representatives on the 20th of February; but its consideration was indefinitely postponed by the Senate on the following day. General Lee, in a letter to Confederate Representative Barksdale, dated the 18th ult., considers the employment of slaves in the army both expedient and necessary, on the ground that the white population alone cannot supply the necessities of a long war. He declares that they have the requisite qualifications for, and believes they would speedily become, good soldiers, and recommends that a call for those who will volunteer upon the condition of their freedom be immediately authorised by Congress.

Richmond journals of the 27th ult. discuss the policy of the evacuation of that city. Some believe that it would greatly increase the strength of the military situation, by concentrating all forces in the interior; while others declare that the abandonment of the capital would prove the downfall of the Confederacy.

HER MAJESTY has resolved to confer the style and dignity of a Baronet upon Mr. Benjamin Lee Guinness on the recommendation of the Viceroy.

MR. WENTWORTH BULLER, one of the members for North Devon, died on Monday night. The hon. gentleman was a Liberal in politics, and was first elected for the county in 1857. He had previously sat a few years for the city of Exeter.

## DEATH OF THE DUKE DE MORNAY.

The Duke de Mornay died in Paris, on the morning of Friday week, after a short but severe illness; and in him has passed away one of the best known of the school of men who have been brought into prominence in European affairs by the revival of the Napoleon dynasty. Devoted to the person and the interests of the Emperor, the Duke de Mornay was one of the few whom the confidence of Louis Napoleon summoned to prepare the coup-d'état, and from that time to the present his name has been constantly heard of both in politics and monetary enterprises. It is known that by his undertakings in connection with railways, canals, French and foreign mines, societies of credit, and other commercial enterprises, he amassed a gigantic fortune, while in political life he reached the high office of President of the Legislative Assembly. The deceased Duke, who was born on the 23rd of October, 1811, was regarded as the half-brother of the present Emperor of the French, being the reputed son of Queen Hortense and the Count de Flahault. He assumed the name of the Count de Mornay, a French nobleman, resident at the Isle of France (Mauritius), who is said to have received 800,000f. for adopting him as a son. He was educated under the care of his supposed grandmother, the accomplished Mme. De Flahault, also known as Mme. De Souza, from her second marriage, with a Portuguese nobleman of that name, and placed in the Institution Muron, where Edgar Ney was among his classmates. His proficiency in study was remarkable, and he was early introduced into society, where he was much noticed on account of his elegant and winning manners. It is related that on one occasion when he came to visit Talleyrand, with whom he was a favourite, that diplomatist said to a high personage who came immediately after young Mornay had withdrawn, "Did you meet a little fellow holding the hand of M. De Flahault?" "Yes, Prince, on the staircase," was the reply. "Well," said Talleyrand, "remark what I say, that child will one day be Minister." He attended one of the principal military academies of Paris during two years, and left it in 1832, with the rank of Sub-Lieutenant; after which he was stationed for some time at Fontainebleau, where he is said to have turned his attention to the study of metaphysics and theology, although he does not seem to have long continued to cultivate those branches of knowledge. He served for some time in Algeria, where he was wounded, and was decorated with the Order of the Legion of Honour for having saved the life of General Trézel. Queen Hortense, on her death, in 1837, bequeathed to him an annuity of 40,000f. He made his début in the world of industry, as a manufacturer of beetroot sugar, in 1838. Previous to the Revolution of 1848 he was for nearly eight years a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1849 he was elected to the Legislative Assembly; but up to that time his influence in political life proceeded from his occasional ability in handling financial and industrial subjects, and chiefly from his reputation as a versatile, skilful, and frequently successful speculator. The advent of Louis Napoleon to the presidency brought him into prominence. At the critical moment of the coup-d'état he is said to have displayed much audacity and coolness. He passed the evening of Dec. 1 at the Opéra Comique, and on a lady asking him in his box what he would do if they swept away the Assembly, he replied "I would try to put myself by the side of the broom." The same day he gave tickets to his friends admitting them to the sittings of the Legislature the next day. It is said, however, that, in eulogising M. de Thorigny, whom he was about to replace in a few hours, he allowed the expression to escape him, "He was a good Minister." In fact, M. de Mornay took in hand the Portfolio of the Interior on the morning of the 2nd of December, and, as one of the new Ministers, signed the first proclamations. He countersigned all acts and decrees which came more especially under the jurisdiction of his ministry. When more than 200 representatives met, under the presidency of M. Bernoit d'Azy to protest and organise legal resistance, M. de Mornay took the responsibility of the order which was given to disperse or arrest that important fraction of the National Assembly. He said at the time that he had wished to save the representatives "from their own courage." Among the circulars which signalled his short stay in the Ministry was one of the 4th of December, directing the Préfets to require of all public functionaries adhesion in writing to the great measure which the Government were accomplishing. Another, of the 13th, announced to the extraordinary commissioners the end of their mission; and on the 19th of January, 1852, a third circular was issued explaining the new electoral mechanism and the designs of the Government as to the application of universal suffrage. Four days later he left the Ministry, with Messrs Fould, Magne, and Rouher, on account of the confiscation of the property of the Orleans family. Subsequently he became a member of the Legislative Body, and since 1854 he has officiated as its president. He attended the coronation of the Emperor Alexander II. as the representative of the French Government, and was treated in Russia, not merely as the Ambassador, but as the private friend of the French Emperor. In St. Petersburg he obtained the hand of the young and wealthy Princess Troubetzkoi, who had been brought up at the institution of the Imperial maids of honour, and whom the Empress Dowager wished to place among the ladies of the reigning Empress. The latter, however, declined her services on account of her being too beautiful, but sent her, as a wedding present, her portrait set with diamonds. The marriage was celebrated, Feb. 19, 1857, at St. Petersburg, according to Greek and Catholic rites; and the Count is said to have presented his bride with diamonds to the value of 2,000,000 francs. He purchased also, in the name of his wife, a seigneurial estate of the Sevlosky family, about twelve miles from St. Petersburg.

The funeral of the deceased was celebrated on Monday, with great pomp, at the Cemetery of Père La Chaise. An immense crowd was present. Orations in honour of the Duke were delivered by M. Rouher, Minister of State, and M. Schneider, Vice-President of the Corps Législatif.

## IRELAND.

THE QUEEN AND THE EMPLOYMENT OF WOMEN.—Some time ago a beautifully-executed address, the work of the pupils of the Queen's Institute, Dublin, was presented to her Majesty, who has now been graciously pleased to convey her approval of this specimen of educated labour in the following letter to Lord Talbot de Malahide, the vice-president of the Queen's Institute, by whom it was presented to her Majesty at Windsor:—“Windsor Castle, March 9, 1865. My dear Lord Talbot,—The Queen has commanded me to assure you of the pleasure with which she has learned, from the address which you have presented to her Majesty, the increased success of the Queen's Institute for the Training and Employment of Educated Women. There could be no object more in harmony with the feelings of her Majesty than to provide employment, such as is peculiarly suited to them, for those women whose early education has qualified them to cultivate other fields of action than those usually open to female industry; nor is it less desirable that such instruction should be available for those that are younger, as may contribute to extend as widely as possible the limits of profitable and honourable exertion. The Queen was much pleased to remark the peculiarly appropriate mode that had been adopted of proving to her Majesty that talent and ability were not wanting (where a fitting opening could be found), by the very beautiful and tasteful illustrations and adornments of the address presented to her. The illuminations, the water-colour views, and the embroidery were all much admired by her Majesty.—Believe me, very sincerely yours, C. B. PHIPPS.”

EXTRAORDINARY FREAKS OF MARRIAGE.—The lovers of “romantic adventures” and “strange coincidences” will be entertained by a perusal of the following narrative, which appears in the *Tyrone Constitution*:—“On Thursday, the 23rd ult., in the village of Plumbridge, in this county, two rather curious episodes occurred at two weddings held there. In one case the party was composed of the bride and bridegroom, accompanied by their ‘best men,’ &c. They proceeded on foot from the house of the bride's father, a man named McBride, living in Glenelly, towards the chapel of Plumbridge, where the priest was awaiting their arrival to unite them in holy matrimony. The bride was, as is usual in such cases, conducted by the ‘best man,’ and had gone about half way to the chapel when the bridegroom, thinking, perhaps, that the bride was paying too much attention to her ‘best man,’ became jealous. Consequently the ‘best man’ was ordered away. A scuffle ensued, when the ‘best man’ was thrown off the road into a ditch. The bride took the part of the ‘best man,’ and refused to go with her ‘intended.’ She said she would not marry him, but would have her ‘best man’ for her husband. The ‘best man’ ran back to the father of the bride, related what had happened, and, as had been suggested by the bride, asked his con-

sent to take the place of the ‘jealous’ bridegroom. The father of the girl agreed to this new arrangement, and, a license having been procured, the lady was on the following morning united, in Plumbridge Roman Catholic Chapel, to her ‘best man’ of the preceding day. The rejected one, feeling he had come to a serious loss by the fickle fair one, determined to seek compensation for damage sustained, and next day proceeded to the bride's father's house, and took an inventory of all his effects, as a preparatory step to proceedings for a breach of promise, which he has directed an attorney to institute for £350 damages. Now for the second episode. On the same day, memorable in the local history of Plumbridge, is the fact that another bridegroom, named Kane, was conveying a young widow, named Coyle, to the same chapel, and from the same place, when they were met by an old lover, named Conway, whose latent love for the fair dame once more burned so fiercely that he leaped off the car, whispered a few poetic words in her ear, which had the desired effect on her. Proving false to her husband elect, she went away with Conway, to whom she was married next day.

## SCOTLAND.

THE YELVERTON CASE.—We are at last permitted to hope that we have heard the last of the Yelverton case. The application of the repudiated wife to have the fact of the marriage, and all the circumstances which she alleges attended it, referred to the oath of Major Yelverton was disposed of by the Scotch Court of Session on Thursday week. The application was, in the first instance, made to the First Division of the Court; but the Lord President and his brother Judges, feeling the importance as well as the novelty of the application, called in the other Division to their aid. The whole Court then gave judgment, and, by a majority, refused the lady's application to put Major Yelverton on his oath. The judgment of the House of Lords will now, therefore, we presume, be carried into full effect.

## THE PROVINCES.

THE FORCE OF CONSCIENCE.—Twelve years ago a person residing not a thousand miles from Clevedon was robbed of a £5 note by a companion, who shortly afterwards made his way to Australia. How or by whom the robbery was effected remained a mystery until the other day, when the owner of the money, who had almost forgotten the occurrence, received from the Antipodes a letter, in which was inclosed a £5 note, with interest. The sender said:—“My dear Sir,—I beg to remit you £5, with interest for twelve years. I took it from you when on a spree, and made you believe you had been robbed. I have long had an uneasy mind over it for fear I should die before I could pay you. This is the happiest day I have spent for twelve years. I have often inquired after you of all that have come out from our place.”

SHOCKING DEATH.—On Saturday night a man named Hart was killed in a most horrifying manner in the London, Chatham, and Dover Railway Company's tunnel under the Western Heights, Dover. The poor fellow, who had before lost a leg by accident on the South-Eastern Railway, has for some time past oiled the points in this tunnel; and while so engaged on Saturday evening, the London express-train due at seven p.m. entered the tunnel; and, as at the same instant the up train entered at the other end, it is presumed the man was bewildered, for he was knocked down by the express-train, and the engine and all the carriages passed over him. On being discovered, the body was found to be horribly mutilated, being completely cut asunder horizontally at the lower part, so that death must have been instantaneous.

BAPTISM IN THE RIVER DERWENT.—At Malton, on Sunday, the immersion of four grown up persons was the cause of one of the most remarkable scenes ever witnessed in the town. They belonged to the new sect calling themselves Christian Brethren. About two months since a lady was baptized in the same manner, and on Sunday one young lady, Miss Birss, and three of the male sex, Mr. Graham, Mr. Vassey, and another young lad, were immersed in the river by Mr. W. Wright, the leader of the “Brethren.” Two baptisms of other young ladies were deferred until warmer weather, the ladies being in delicate health. The novelty of the ceremony attracted crowds of persons of all classes. The candidates for the rite met in the bridge-house, from which the three males soon emerged, lightly clad, followed by the lady, in a robe of white. Mr. Wright was preparing to undertake the baptism of the young lady, when a young lad named Blackburn, who had perched on a ledge of the gasworks, was observed to fall headlong into the most dangerous part of the river, close by the main arch, through which a very powerful current was running. A young man named Killen threw off his coat and leaped into the current, and succeeded in reaching the drowning lad just in time. Amid the plaudits of the crowd he brought Blackburn to land, though himself thoroughly exhausted. Several gentlemen on the spot resolved that a testimonial should be raised to reward the gallant fellow. When this drowning business was settled the crowd hurried back to where the baptismal proceedings had been arrested by the alarm. At length all was ready, and Mr. Wright, having walked a few yards into the river, was followed by the young lady, whom he baptized, the immersion being the signal for a grand cheer from a considerable part of the assemblage. The same form was gone through with each of the men, one of whom looked particularly nervous, and was laughed at immensely.

## THE LOCK-OUT IN THE IRON TRADE.

THE lock-out in the iron manufacturing districts continues to spread. The whole of the works in North and South Staffordshire and the greater portion of those in the north of England are closed, the notice to the men in the latter quarter having expired last Saturday. The Welsh masters are expected to adopt a like course, and the Scottish malleable ironmasters, at a meeting held on Wednesday last in Glasgow, unanimously resolved to reduce the wages of the puddlers 1s. per ton, millmen and others 10 per cent. Fourteen days' notice to be given on the 25th inst. It was also resolved not to employ workmen coming from districts of England where men are on strike or locked out.

In South Staffordshire the belief is prevalent that the masters in the North of England will not long keep their works closed. The workmen who promulgate statements to that effect allege that they have received communications from certain of their fellows who are now employed in the Newcastle district, encouraging them to entertain this view. Upon certain of the works, it is alleged, the operations of important shipbuilding-yards depend, and that, so pressing were the necessities of some of those yards before the lock-out took place, that, in the words of the writers, “the iron was being dragged out of the works nearly red-hot.” But the ironmasters in South Staffordshire have perfect confidence in the good faith of the masters in the North of England, and do not believe that the arrangement come to at the last great meeting of the trade in Birmingham will be departed from on either side. By that arrangement north and south became one in enforcing the universal observance by their men of any determination in respect of wages upon which the masters generally should resolve.

The “millmen,” at a meeting on Monday, proposed that puddled bars should be sent into North Stafford from other quarters, in order to allow the works to go on independently of the puddlers; and this scheme is receiving favourable consideration. At the same time, the masters have a continued cause of complaint against certain portions of the union of the men, and might therefore deem themselves called upon to adhere to the letter of the condition upon which they have made the period of the lock-out to depend. They have obtained information which satisfies them that subscriptions are still being sent into North Staffordshire from members of the union. In Shropshire, in particular, they say, the unionists at work there are subscribing for their brethren in North Staffordshire.

The masters do not see any means of terminating the lock-out by any rearrangement of the wages scale. They say that the men are now and have for some time past been receiving a much higher rate of wages than the price of bar-iron, by which price that rate has always been understood to be regulated; and that, therefore, they would be unwilling to submit to any alteration, the effect of which would be to reduce the amount of remuneration which they are now receiving. Therefore they believe that to commence any negotiations, with a view to a settlement on a wages basis which would be satisfactory to both sides, would be only to complicate matters. We have reason to know that, so far as the supposition of the masters relative to the disfavour which any proposition contemplating an alteration against the men in the amount of the present rumour is concerned, the masters are quite right. The men generally, it is now known by the executive, are not prepared to work on a lower rate than that which now prevails.

As a body, the men believe that they ought not to be paid less than 10s. a ton for puddling, whatever may be the price of iron; and they have confidence in the power of their union to help them to secure this rate, or certainly to prevent much of decrease upon the present scale, which is at the rate of 9s. 6d.—a rate, as compared with past years, which is regarded by the masters as very high, and is, higher than the scale by which wages are usually regulated. Reductions, the men say, would have been effected in their wages by their masters, which would have reduced their remuneration very much below the present standard had it not been for the power to resist such a step which the men possess in their union.

A meeting of delegates from the London trade societies was held at the Sussex Hotel, Bouverie-street, on Wednesday evening, to hear delegates from the ironworkers locked out, and to consider the propriety of relieving the men. Mr. George Potter presided. There was considerable dissension at first in reference to the manner in which the meeting had been called. This was got over, however; and then the delegates from the locked out men delivered addresses. Resolutions were agreed to declaring the conduct of the masters to be cruel and wrong and promising subscriptions in aid of the men who are locked out.

A “GUIDWIFE,” when gutting a large codfish one day lately, at Largo, Fife, made singular discovery. What at first sight seemed to be a gold watch was discovered in its stomach, but which on closer scrutiny proved to be a round-shaped ‘bacco-box, full of the finest cut weed, and on the lid of which, rudely engraved, was “Hans Zenglar.”

## THE ALBERT MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK.

THE substructure of the immense edifice which is destined, when complete, to be a lasting memorial to the late Prince Consort, is now finished, and we have therefore chosen this opportunity of presenting to our readers an Engraving of the proposed structure, as designed by Mr. Gilbert Scott. For five months the contractor, Mr. Kelk, has been engaged in building up the mighty pile of brick-work—almost resembling one of the Pyramids in size and stability—upon which, at each of its four corners, a noble flight of granite steps will lead to the platform surrounding the base of the monumental edifice.

The form of this brickwork foundation—which is now being covered with stone slabs—is, in fact, that of a truncated pyramid of about 130 ft. square and 40 ft. high, surmounted by the solid base of the central edifice. The four walls of this basement, 11 ft. high and 23 ft. long, will be covered with relieve sculptures, a close inspection of which will be gained by means of a platform round the basement at the top of the steps. The summit of the pyramid is 30 ft. square, and on this the polished granite columns will support the magnificent canopy to a height of 100 ft above the seated effigy of the late Prince.

The broad stairs which will occupy all the slopes of the pyramid, with the upper and lower platforms at different levels, will rest upon brick arches in repeated series, extending from the exterior lines of the square embraced by the pyramid to the huge quadrilateral shaft which forms its centre.

The outermost and lowest arches have a span of 6 ft. 6 in., the next of 9 ft., and the next to that of 8 ft.; they are crowned with vertical walls of solid masonry, the upper surfaces of which, sloping towards the summit of the pyramid, will support the granite slabs of the stair; and these walls at the same time, bearing inwards towards the centre of the whole building, serve most powerfully as flying buttresses to uphold the gigantic shaft in the middle destined to bear the vertical pressure of the superior edifice.

The four groups of colossal bronze statues, which will be placed at the four corners of the great external square, at the bottom of the steps, have basements of solid brickwork, 13 ft. square, to be covered with the immense blocks of granite received at Limehouse from the quarries of the Scottish Granite Company in the Isle of Mull. In like manner, the four superior groups of statuary which are to stand upon the four granite pedestals above, projecting from the angles of the sculptured basement outside the pillars of the tabernacle, will rest upon the solid brickwork of the square central shaft, the walls of which are 8 ft. 3 in. thick; while its interior hollow space, which is but 4 ft. 6 in. in diameter, is groined over so thickly as to render it not less substantial than a solid pile.

Taken in a very wide sense, the design of the memorial may be said to be a superb example of the Eleanor Cross, the leading idea of the design being founded on the most important and central object—the statue of the late Prince, and the whole work is intended to preserve the sentiment with which this object is regarded.

The statue, which will be in a sitting posture, representing the Prince wearing the robes of the Order of the Garter, will occupy, as we have already indicated, an elevated position on the platform crowning the pyramid, and will be overshadowed with a gorgeous canopy which will be enriched almost in the manner of a shrine. Supported by groups of polished-granite columns, the canopy itself will be richly ornamented and inlaid; the gables and spandrels will be filled in with mosaic pictures, and the other parts will be decorated with gold, enamelled bronze, polished stones of various hues and brilliancy, and other objects calculated to enhance its general beauty. The tabernacle-work or flèche rising from the roof of the canopy, as well as the covering of the roof itself and the cresting of the gables, will be wholly of gilt and enamelled metal-work.

The canopy rises from a solid podium, surrounded with sculpture in high relief and life-size, representing the history of the arts of painting, sculpture, architecture, and music, something after the manner of Delaroche's *hémicycle des beaux arts*. On pedestals projecting from the angles of this basement are groups illustrating other peaceful arts and occupations, such as commerce, manufactures, agriculture, and mechanics; and on the great pedestals occupying the extreme angles of the flights of steps, are large groups symbolising the contributions of the four quarters of the globe to the International Exhibitions. The canopy is decorated with detached figures on the external column of each group and in niches above, representing the principal sciences and the Christian virtues. The whole design is terminated by a richly gemmed cross, supported by angels, the entire height of the edifice being 150 ft.

To judge by the work already accomplished, it is intended to make this great memorial one of the most important monuments of English art in our day; and, should the design be carried out in its integrity, we shall at least be able to congratulate ourselves on the possession of one public work of the kind of which we have no reason to be ashamed.

## “SETTLING DAY” AT THE OLYMPIC.

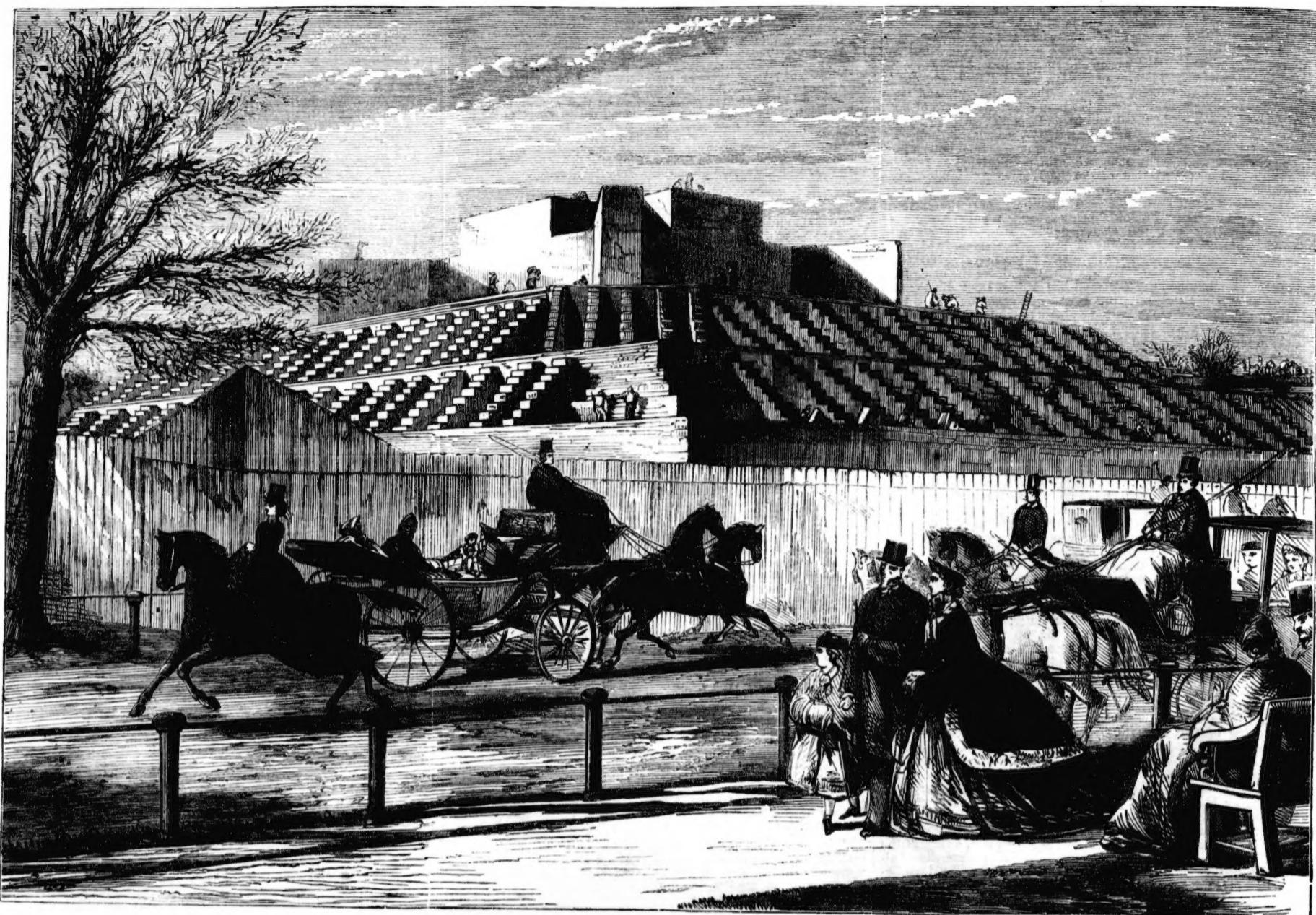
THE stage should always be the reflex of the times. The present age is essentially an age of business. When the irrepressible negro was the subject of British sympathy, plays were written in which the glorified black man was not only superior to any white man among the dramatis personae, but a conglomeration of all the cardinal virtues, a combination of the tenderness of a Howard and the chivalry of a Bayard. In the coaching times, when noble Lords wore white coats with inconceivable capes, and had holes bored in their front teeth, the better to enable them to whistle to their horses like hostlers; characters half groom, half gentleman, semi-St. James's, and semi-Doncaster, were seen upon the stage. When men went to India and, after five years' absence, returned, with what was then considered colossal fortunes, yellow-faced nabobs dropped their h's and swaggered on the subject of rupees, to the high delight of the well-bred rich and the sarcastic poor. Authors, actors, and actresses must not only hold the mirror up to nature, but to the passing events of the day. The great humourist Samuel Foote was, perhaps, the first man who made this a regular fashion, and his successors have followed in his steps and improved on their original.

In the old days of imprudent marriages, Gretna Green elopements, and large amounts of drink, the gouty father, the high-spirited daughter, and the adventurous lover, were sufficient to interest an audience. *Mais nous avons changé tout cela.* The present taste is realistic; and realism, like the shield in the fable, has a golden as well as a copper side.

The misery brought upon innocent women and helpless children by reckless speculations in the City, time bargains, and the charlatanism and frauds of trade—permissible while hidden or successful, criminal when discovered as a failure—has been skilfully treated by that experienced dramatist, Mr. Tom Taylor, in his new “Story of the Time,” called “Settling Day.” The moral wrought out by probable and natural means is excellent. There are better things in this world than a good balance at the banker's, higher aspirations than the mere greed of wealth, and, though these are palpable truisms, this present too material age needs their frequent enforcement. “Get money, my son, honestly if you can, but get money,” has been said to be the death-bed advice of a thriving merchant. It was cynical, but it was sham wisdom, after all. The old man's coffers could not buy him health or the affectionate respect of his son and heir.

Of the drama of “Settling Day” full mention in these columns has been already made. The recent stoppage of the bank at Birmingham, which will involve so many families in ruin, lends a drama built upon commercial and domestic matters an additional interest. Our Artist has chosen the fifth act for the subject of his Illustration. The young banker's villa by the Thames is illuminated for a ball, and the bright yellow light that streams from the windows contrasts admirably with the silver lustre of the moon and its molten reflection on the dark, plashing water.

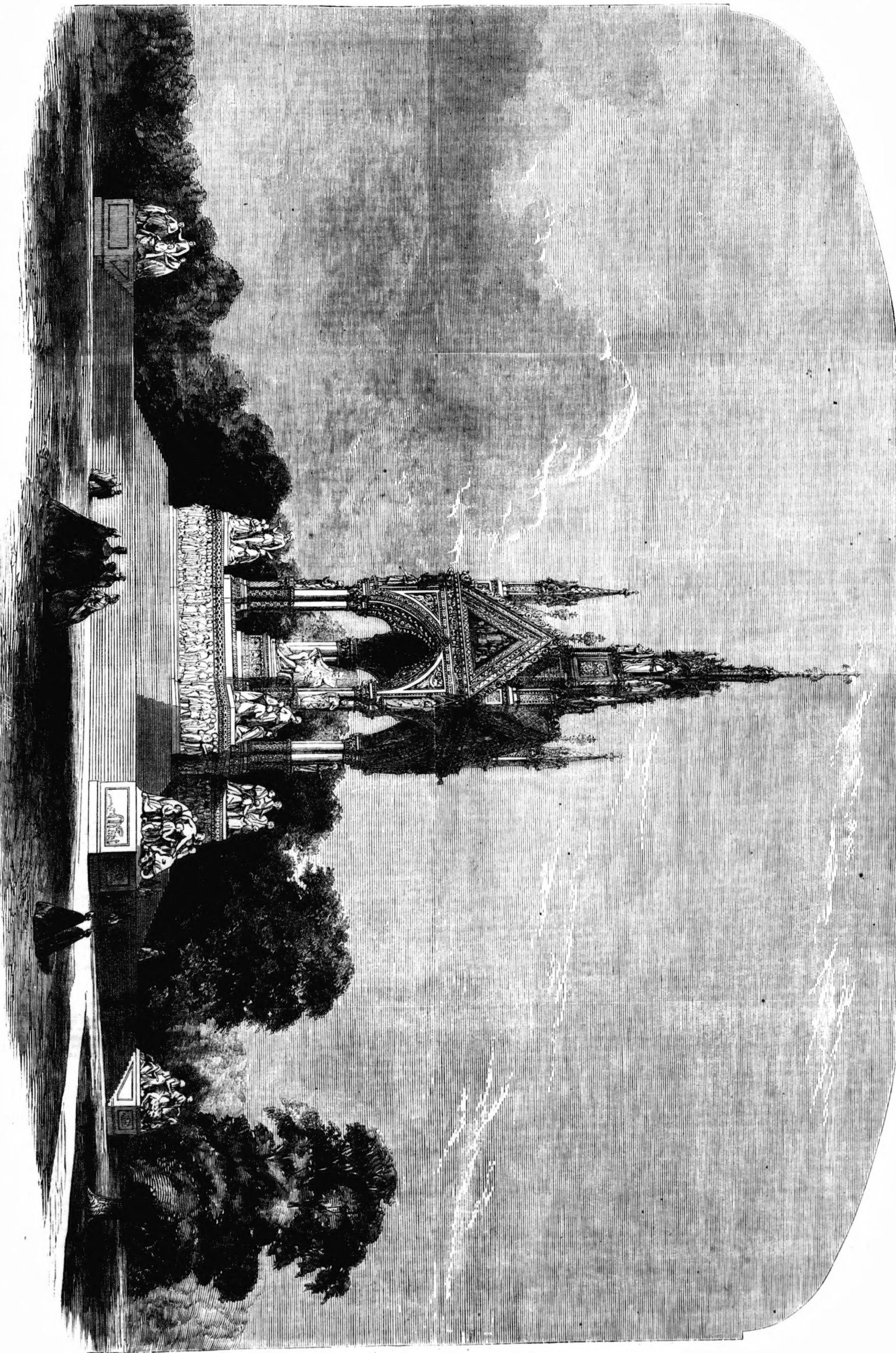
AN AMERICAN PAPER estimates that 20,000,000 human beings have lived and died slaves in the United States from the time the latter became a nation to the present time.



THE PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK: PRESENT CONDITION OF THE ERECTION.



SCENE FROM THE "SETTLING DAY," AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE: THE VILLA ON THE THAMES.



THE PRINCE CONSORT MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK, AS DESIGNED BY G. G. SCOTT, R.A.

## INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 252.

FLESH-FLIES.

It has been insinuated by a certain notable American correspondent of a London daily paper that the lobby of the English House of Commons is much frequented by place-hunters, come to badger their members for nice little offices under the Government with respectable pay and little to do. The insinuation is not true; very few place-hunters come here. Members are not much badgered by place-hunters in the lobby. These flesh-flies do now and then make their appearance, but it is the exception and not the rule for them to come. They are discouraged by the members, and also by the officials, who, by long experience, have come to know these blue-bottles at a glance. If a member be not actually in his place, "not here" is the answer which bluebottle promptly gets. The member may be in the division lobby busy with his correspondence, or refreshing himself in the dining-room, or enjoying his weed in the tobacco-parliament below, or lounging in an easy-chair before the library fire, or sipping his "gunpowder" in the tea-room; and, if by one or two pertinent questions, the official learns that the applicant has an appointment with his member or wants him on urgent business, said official can generally fish up said member out of his haunt; but, if applicant be obviously a bluebottle, whom the member would rather avoid than meet, the answer is "Not here," and bluebottle is dismissed. If the member be really in his place of course the proffered card must be sent in; but even then it is not at all sure that bluebottle will be able to settle himself upon his member. Member may look at the card, and, seeing the name thereon, and knowing it too well, may keep his seat; or he may come to the door and reconnoitre, and if he does not like the look of the applicant he may return; or, having hinted to the official that he wishes to avoid his friend, he may watch his opportunity and whisk across the lobby whilst bluebottle is staring at the architecture or chatting with the policeman. And so it has come to pass that the plague of flesh-flies is not common in the lobby. It cannot be wholly got rid of, but by the enforcement of these sanitary rules it visits us but rarely, and in mitigated forms. If the member cannot avoid his torment, it is not difficult to get rid of him. Business in the House, to which, of course, everything else must give way, may be pleaded; or the member may say, "Ah! yes; but I cannot talk to you here. Write to me—or I will write to you; let me see, your address is—. Good-day! Quite well at home, I hope," and so on. In short, it is not as aforesaid correspondent says. Strangers do come to the lobby, as our readers well know, and at times in crowds; but they come to get into the gallery, or on business—private and public—for the most part business connected with the House.

## VENALITY AS IT WAS AND IS.

The fact is, reader—and a blessed fact it is—Parliamentary venality is fast disappearing. Not a hundred years ago members of the Houses of Parliament used notoriously to take bribes—bribes in hard cash, bribes in the shape of lottery-tickets, and in shares of loans. What thinkest thou, reader, of the following note from King George III., of pious memory, to Lord North, which we have fished out of "May's Constitutional History"?—"1st March, 1781.—Mr. Robinson (writes the pious king) sent me a list of the speakers last night, and of the very good majority. I have this morning sent him £6000, to be placed to the same purpose as the sum transmitted on the 21st August"—said sums, as we have ascertained, to be distributed amongst the members who voted with the Government as a reward for past services and a retainer for future. This, or the like of it, was what Cowper alluded to when he sang—

But when a country (one that I could name)  
In prostitution sinks the sense of shame;  
When infamous venality, grown bold,  
Writes on her bosom, *To be let or sold, &c.*

But this has all passed away. A few members may be still bribed by the promise or hope of place. These, however, are obliged to hide their sin under the garb of hypocrisy, and thus yield the homage which vice pays to virtue. Since we began to write these articles, nine years ago, members used to accept places for their constituents, by which they were bribed to support the Government, and their constituents were bribed to support their members; but the introduction of examination-paper competition has dealt a death-blow to this form of corruption. And so you see, reader, that we are improving rapidly, and, if we must not "rest" in our progress, we have certainly reason to be "thankful." Perfectly pure from corruption's touch the House of Commons is not; but, comparing it with what it was a century, or even half a century ago, we can hardly anathematise it as a venal House. And now we pass on to the orders of the day.

## SIR MORTON PETO.

"Idle men are always busy. Hard-working men can always find leisure." We once heard a speaker say this, and here is proof of the truth of the saying. Sir Samuel Morton Peto has, and has had for years, more work in hand than any other living man. Some time ago he told the House that his firm has had for years no less than thirty thousand men in its employ. Thirty thousand men! Why, it is an army. We have not the list of the civil servants of the Crown handy, but we suspect that they do not amount to thirty thousand; and yet the hon. Baronet can find leisure to do many things quite outside the circle of his own private business. He assists at public meetings; he lays first stones of public buildings, and in 1863—*mirabile dictu!*—he published an 8vo volume, of over 400 pages, on taxation—a book which, with our experience in writing, we would not undertake to get up in less time than twelve months. But, besides all this, Sir Morton represents one of the largest constituencies in the kingdom, and represents it well and effectively. True, he does not loiter about the house; he is seldom seen gossiping in the lobbies; he is not often in the dining-room; the smokewalk, we suspect, knows him not; and those who know his habits would scarcely expect to find him lounging in his chair in the library, deep in an interesting book of travel. But he is always in his place when he is wanted; and in every important division-list his name is sure to be recorded. He makes speeches, too; and very good, sound, and sensible speeches they are—not party speeches. In great party strifes Sir Morton never takes a part, except to record his vote. His speeches are generally upon practical business matters, such as harbours, fortifications, guns, ships, administration, organisation, &c. On Thursday night, last week, he delivered one of these practical speeches; and so full was it of facts, figures, and calculations, evidencing laborious research and patient thought and preparation, that a stranger in the gallery might well have thought that it was some ex-Minister of the Crown addressing the House. Now, how is this done? That, reader, is a question which we cannot answer. Sir Morton to us has always been a mystery. We can no more understand how he gets through his work than we can comprehend how the world was made. The Chancellor of the Exchequer's office is by no means a sinecure. The Premier, doubtless, has his hands full. Sir George Grey is said to be one of the hardest workers that ever lived. (By the way, on Wednesday last week, Sir George made a speech in the house, donned his Court dress at his office, went to the Levee, introduced the two Sheriffs, returned to his office, changed his clothes, ate his luncheon, and was back again in the House—all within an hour and a half.) But what is the business of these Government men to that of the hon. member for Finsbury, with his 30,000 men to keep employed, his railways in England, his railways in Denmark, Wallachia, &c.; his harbour works, bridge-building, speech-making, book-writing, &c.? It is enough to turn one's head dizzy to think of it. How this business is done is a mystery, an insoluble problem, one of those transcendental questions which we push aside at things too high for finite men like us to comprehend. The classic labours of Hercules were ridiculous trifles compared with those of Sir Morton Peto.

The debate which Sir Morton inaugurated was rather a spirited affair. Mr. Stansfeld once more appeared on the scene, not from the Treasury bench, though, but from his old place below the gangway, to which, as our readers will remember, he was relegated by

the Mazzini proceedings of Messrs. Cox, Hennessy, Stracy, and Co. last year. Mr. Stansfeld's speech was all about ships and guns; how to build ships that no gun can pierce, and how to make guns that no ship can withstand. This was the grave subject on which Mr. Stansfeld discoursed; and he spoke well—better than ever, as we thought. His official discipline seems to have "toned down," to use an artist's phrase, his style somewhat. "Tone in painting," says the authorities, "means the harmonious relations of the colours of a picture in light and shade;" and when we say that Mr. Stansfeld's style was toned down, we simply mean that his manner, voice, language, &c., were all harmonious, to make it more effective. About the matter of this speech, or of all the other speeches that night, we give no opinion. Of guns, ships, forts, &c., we know nothing; and we have no wish to be ranked amongst that vast number of people, described by a word more plain than polite, who proverbially rush in where angels fear to tread. "If I should say," said Socrates, in his "Apology," "that I am wiser than another, it would be in this, that not having a competent knowledge of things, I also think that I have not such knowledge." Ah! if our senators had but thus much of knowledge, how many long-winded speeches would be saved us? We suspect that this debate would have been reduced to an hour's length, instead of spreading itself, as it did, over some six hours, and keeping us out of our beds till two o'clock. If men were to discourse only about what they understand, if every member were to stick to his crepidam, Hansard's annual volume would be a very thin book. But clearly we have not arrived, nor are we likely to arrive, at this yet.

## SEYMOUR FITZGERALD.

On Monday night we had a famous debate upon American affairs—nominally a debate upon the defences of Canada, but really on American affairs generally. The speakers were many, only three or four of them, though, need be noticed here. Mr. Seymour Fitzgerald, ex-Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, appropriately opened the ball—not, however, to continue our figure, with an exciting galop, waltz, or polka, but with a grave, decorous minut, becoming an ex-Minister of State—one whom the fortune of war may once more, at no distant time, lift again into power. Mr. Fitzgerald is a barrister, but has long since given up the Bar and gone in, as we say here, for politics. ("I am going in for governorships and that sort of thing," we once heard a noble Lord say, in drawing tone, when he had been appointed Governor of one of our dependencies.) Mr. Fitzgerald's speeches are argumentative, acute, clear, with a dash of passion in them when the political atmosphere is electric. But on this occasion there was no passion. There had been passion enough in another place—something too much of this for "our prospects of office," and it seemed to us that the one thought in Mr. Fitzgerald's mind was to undo the mischief that was done. But, however that may be, the speech was wonderfully moderate. Part of his speech Mr. Fitzgerald had the honour of delivering before the Prince of Wales, if he cares for the like of that. His Royal Highness came in and took his place below the bar, attended by the Duke of St. Albans.

## MR. FORSTER.

Perhaps some of our readers who regularly study Mr. Forster's speeches may think that they would like to hear them. Well, they would get little by that; for no man in the House is less careful than Mr. Forster of the manner in which his speeches are delivered. He stands up in his place below the gangway, holds his arms across his breast, turns the tap on, and lets his speech run out, rarely, if ever, enforcing his words by emphasis of either action or voice. Perhaps he feels that he could not do the thing well, and, therefore, will not attempt to do it at all. And if this be so, he is wise. But his speeches are, nevertheless, always listened to with marked attention, and for this reason—though he delivers them without the smallest attempt at oratorical action—though the language is simple and unadorned—the matter is always weighty, instructive, and impressive. And in the House of Commons we have long since come to value sense much higher than sound, and to prefer instructive matter to the most accomplished and artistic manner.

## DISRAELI AGAIN.

Five weeks of the Session have passed away, and until Monday night the leader of her Majesty's Opposition had not spoken. There had been tempting occasions—debates in which he might have spoken, and was expected to speak, with effect; but still he remained silent. Irish wrongs moved him not: on the malt tax he uttered no opinion. Saxon and Celt, farmers and traders, struggled in combat; and still Achilles remained in his tent. How is this? The quidnuncs began to ask. Is there a screw loose? It was rumoured that Disraeli had been heard to mutter gloomily that the Conservative body is the most unambitious party that England has ever seen. What, then! has he declined to lead this unambitious party longer? On Monday night, however, he broke ground; and when he was seen to rise, members, whom the dull eloquence of Mr. Cardwell had either made restless or lulled to repose, rushed to their places or woke up to hear; and instantly there were silence and attention—all the more profound because the leader of the Opposition had been so long mute, and, further, because as yet on this American war he had uttered no opinion. Mr. Bentinck, of course, walked out of the house. He always does this, now, when Disraeli rises. He is malcontent—in chronic rebellion against his leader—and this is his way of entering his protest. To our minds, this speech of Disraeli was one of the wisest that he ever delivered. It was calm, thoughtful, and statesmanlike. The idea which men, generally, have formed of Disraeli is that he is not much more than a political gladiator; but on this occasion he appeared before us a prescient statesman and wise political strategist. But did his followers approve of his speech? We think not. They were silent and, as we thought, gloomily dissentient. And no wonder, for this speech cut them across the grain. It was a rebuke to their mad folly upon this American question. But the time will come when they will rejoice that their leader kept his head clear when all his followers were insane, and that when they were ignorantly attempting to build up a wall between the party and office, he, by his wise reticence, saved them from completing the work.

## BRIGHT.

Mr. Bright, everybody expected, would speak; and he came down to the house prepared to speak; but after Disraeli had given such a calm tone to the debate, and had thrown a wet blanket over the smouldering ashes on his side of the house, it is said that Mr. Bright changed his mind, and resolved to be silent, and only changed his mind again after that fiery Talbot, Lord Robert Cecil, had addressed the House. If this be so, thanks to Lord Robert; for it would have been a pity indeed if that speech had been lost to the country. The hon. member for Birmingham spoke for an hour and a quarter by the clock, and all that time the House listened with unweary attention and unflagging interest. And yet there was no attempt at oratorical display—little art used to make the speech impressive. The speaker was unusually calm and unimpassioned; but still the House listened, and lost not a word.

## Imperial Parliament.

## FRIDAY, MARCH 10.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Lord Chancellor laid upon the table the report of the commission of inquiry into the accounts of the Patent Office, and other documents connected with the case of Leonard Edmunds, for the use of the Select Committee.

The Lord Chancellor then moved the second reading of the Attorneys and Solicitors' Remuneration Bill, which was opposed by Lord St. Leonards, Lord Chelmsford, and Lord Cranworth, and on a division was rejected by twenty-three to twenty-one.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. A. MILLS called attention to the state of affairs in New Zealand, and observed that we had by no means yet got out of our difficulties there, and that he believed the Colonial Secretary would be glad if any one could

guarantee that the war would be over, not in five months, as had been lately predicted, but in five years. In his mind there were only two alternatives—either to suspend the Constitution of New Zealand in whole or in part—in other words, to revoke the colonial policy, or go forward and take at their word the New Zealand colonists, accept the policy they had initiated, and let them understand that they could not have the privileges of freedom without its burdens.

After some observations from Mr. Roebuck and Lord A. Churchill, Lord STANLEY said he thought that, in the natural course of things, the Maori race must disappear, as all other aboriginal tribes had done who had ever come into contact with European civilisation. What we ought to do was to satisfy ourselves that the colonists did all they could in their own behalf; then to continue to them such temporal military aid as they needed, on the understanding, however, that it was kept down to the lowest point, and that it would not be similarly given after the termination of the present war.

Lord R. CECIL urged that the Legislature was bound to see that native rights do not suffer harm. At the same time, as the management of native relations was to be handed over to the colonists themselves, it was the duty of Parliament to withdraw the power of England from the scene of conflict as rapidly as possible.

Mr. CARDWELL argued that there was ample room for civilised culture, the growth of population and property, and for both races to live side by side in New Zealand without the necessity of dispossessing the Maories. And he added that, if ever there was a native capable of profiting by the advantages of civilisation, it was the natives of New Zealand. It might have been wise or not to make the Treaty of Waitangi; but, having made it, it was equally just, wise, and honourable to observe its provisions. As yet the rebellion had not been extinguished; but, if the war was dying out, and we withdrew the ten thousand troops we had there, and intimated our desire no longer to be made the instruments of perpetuating hostilities, he thought we might safely conclude that no war policy would be pursued by the colonists. He did not believe it possible to subjugate the Maories without the assistance of the power of England, and, that being so, he presumed the colonists of themselves would not be ambitious to attempt it. He readily accepted, then, the new policy which the colonial Ministry and Assembly had recently offered to adopt.

## MONDAY, MARCH 13.

## HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Earl of Clarendon laid upon the table a bill in reference to the management of public schools.

The British Kaffra Bill was read a second time, after some observations from Lord Lyveden and Lord Taunton.

The Election Petitions Act, 1848, Amendment Bill was also read a second time.

Their Lordships then adjourned.

## HOUSE OF COMMONS.

## THE BUDGET.

The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER stated, in reply to Mr. White, that he did not propose to make his financial statement until after the Easter recess; probably Thursday, April 27.

## THE DEFENCE OF CANADA.

Mr. S. FITZGERALD called attention to the report of Colonel Jervois with reference to the defences of Canada, and asked for information with reference thereto. He suggested certain possible contingencies which might lead to hostilities between this country and the United States, and against which we should not, he said, shut our eyes, nor disregard a certain proposal made during the recent conference between the Confederate agents and the Federal authorities. Under these circumstances, it was of importance to look to the defence of Canada, upon which, in the event of war, the first blow would fall; and, as no one would advise that the colony should be left to defend itself in a quarrel in which it would be involved solely on account of its connection with this country, he proceeded to consider what were its means of defence and what it should be our duty to contribute towards its defences, the state of which he described. He referred to the proposals contained in the report of Colonel Jervois, and asked what steps had been taken by the Government to carry out these proposals, and to augment the defensive resources of the colony. He compared the activity of the Americans in fortifying all their vulnerable points with the apathy manifested by us in altogether neglecting the defences of our most vulnerable point, Canada. He urged this as a matter, he said, of pressing and paramount necessity, and that unless we set to work vigilantly, and came to an immediate understanding with Canada as to the proportion this country should bear of the cost of its means of defence, the consequences would be fatal.

Mr. W. FORSTER, observing that if we were to undertake to put the whole frontier of Canada in a condition of complete defence the expense would be almost fabulous, said the question was whether, in the present relations between this country and Canada, we ought not to call upon the colony to look to her own resources, and spend her own money in her own defence if she desired the connection should continue. But the real question was whether there was sufficient reason for increasing her means of defence at all. He believed that the fears of hostilities on the part of the United States were unreasonable and utterly groundless, and he drew from some of the facts referred to by Mr. Fitzgerald conclusions consistent with pacific and friendly relations on the part of that Government towards this country. Having insisted upon the groundlessness of the fears of war with America, he protested against rushing into an enormous expense for the defence of Canada.

Mr. CARDWELL said he could assure the House, without reserve, that our relations with the United States continued to be perfectly friendly. But, whatever might be the prospect of our future relations with their Government, it was not upon the forbearance of other countries that reliance was placed, but upon our own inherent strength. Those who went to war with Canada went to war with England. The Government were prepared to do their part in the defence of Canada; but it was their opinion, and they had strongly expressed it, that the main defence of the colony should be found in the spirit and energy of the people; and he had the satisfaction of stating that efforts—which might have been made earlier—were now being made in the colony with the best possible spirit. He replied *seriatim* to the inquiries of Mr. Fitzgerald.

Mr. DISRAELI, after paying a tribute to the manner in which the Federal Government had conducted their relations with this country under circumstances of great difficulty, avowed his opinion that we were in no immediate danger of coming into collision with that Government, because he believed that the people of the United States were a sanguineous people, and were not likely to engage in another struggle with a foreign Power. There were other reasons (which he explained) that induced him to adopt this opinion. There were elements in operation which would hereafter work an alteration in the United States, and our North American colonies would become a powerful federation. He urged that our relations with those dependencies demanded serious consideration. To abandon them would be a disastrous and fatal step. Then, what should be our course? To place them in a state of proper defence. He referred to the inconsistent conduct of the Government in this matter. He did not, he said, blame them for being inconsistent, but he lamented the consequence of discordant opinions—that the colonies had not been defended.

Mr. LOWE said the question was, what should be done if Canada was the battle-ground in case of war. The most effectual course in such an event would be to concentrate a force upon some other point. His conclusion, therefore, was, that it would be unwise to retain any force worth speaking of in Canada. Then, if we should not keep troops there in time of war, why in time of peace? We had better let Canada know the truth, and not buoy her up with false expectations, while we provoked America by a standing menace. The wisest course would be at once to withdraw our troops.

After observations by Sir J. Ferguson and Mr. J. White,

Mr. C. FORTESQUE said, the British North American colonies being desirous to remain attached to England, and being able and willing to exert themselves in their own defence, her Majesty's Government deemed it their duty to make propositions to the House to enable them to perform their part in assisting in the defence.

The debate having been continued by Sir F. Smith, Mr. Watkin, Sir M. Farquhar, Lord Elcho, Mr. Ayrton, and Lord Robert Cecil, Mr. Bright said the question was at once important and delicate. The difficulty was that we had an extensive colony lying adjacent to the United States, and if there be a war party in the States, that circumstance afforded a strong temptation to enter into a war with England. It was perfectly well known that there was no power whatever in the United Kingdom to defend successfully Canada against the United States. Would Canada attack the States? Certainly not. Would the States attack Canada? He believed clearly not, with a view to its forcible annexation to the Union. No person in England was for going to war with the United States. Was the United States for war with this country? The relations between the two countries had for some time been growing more and more amicable. Then, if Canada was not for war, nor England, nor the United States, whence was it to come? He suggested that there might be some anxiety in this country, some prick of conscience, about the manner in which the American Government had been treated, and he referred to various transactions calculated, in his opinion, to create irritation and exasperation in the United States. What, he asked, would the people of this country have said if they had suffered, as the people of America had suffered, from the Alabama? It might be said that these things would tend to provoke a desire for vengeance and increase the chances of war. This was, he said, to the last degree improbable. There were millions of men in Lancashire who had no kind of sympathy with the views he condemned, and there were securities for peace in America itself. He believed there was a war party in the United States—the Irish party—but this was the only war party, and the real power in the States was with another class. The root of all these unfortunate circumstances was, he said, a feeling of jealousy entertained in this country towards the American nation—a feeling which would not overthrow the decree of nature.

Lord PALMERSTON denied that there existed in this country a jealousy of America. No doubt, during the contest now going on in that country, there was a feeling of irritation in both North and South that this country, a third party, had not espoused their cause; but he believed that among the great bulk of the people of the United States there was a good feeling towards this country, and that, when the present contest was over, that natural feeling would prevail over any temporary irritation. But this was no reason why we should not place our colonies in America in a state of defence. He could not agree with Mr. Lowe, and it was not the intention of the Government to follow his advice. He added, in conclusion, that the relations of the two Governments were perfectly friendly.

The debate here terminated.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14.

#### HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Marquis of WESTMEATH directed attention to the well-known case of the nun Mary Ryan, who was forcibly carried from Dover to the Continent, and is now an inmate of lunatic asylum in Belgium. The noble Marquis stated that he was in a position to prove that her abduction was the result of a conspiracy got up by a person calling himself the Vicar-General of Westminster, and condemned the Home Secretary for not having interred more actively in the matter.

Earl RUSSELL replied that the law officers of the Crown had been consulted, and were of opinion that the forcible removal of any person out of this country was an illegal act. As to the particular case of Mary Ryan, her Majesty's Minister at Brussels had inquired and reported that she was in a well-conducted asylum at Bruges, and was suffering under an acute attack of mania. As her parents were dead, and she appeared to be well cared for, it was not deemed expedient to remove her.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

##### LANCASHIRE AND YORKSHIRE AND GREAT EASTERN RAILWAYS JUNCTION BILL.

The order for the second reading of the Lancashire and Yorkshire and Great Eastern Junction Railways Bill, the object of which was, by means of a union of these lines, to facilitate the coal traffic with the eastern counties and the portion of the metropolis next thereto, gave rise to considerable discussion and a strong opposition on the part of the Great Northern interest. The principal objections to the measure were that it was substantially the same as that which was rejected by the House last year, that the scale of charges for the conveyance of coal was higher than the rates of the Great Northern Railway, and that the latter company had undertaken to expend a million of money to accomplish the objects which the bill had ostensibly in view.

Upon a division, the second reading was negatived by 162 to 121.

#### THE NAWAB OF THE CARNATIC.

Sir F. KELLY then moved for a Select Committee to inquire into the claim of his Highness Prince Azem Jah to the title and dignity of Nawab of the Carnatic, and the claims of his Highness under a treaty entered into in 1801 between the Hon. East India Company and his Highness Prince Azem Jah Dowlah.

The motion was opposed on the part of the Government by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL, and, after a long debate, the motion was negatived by 53 to 38.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Sir C. O'Loughlen moved the second reading of the Juries in Criminal Cases Bill, the object of which was to provide a digest of the law in reference to juries. The bill also empowered a judge to discharge a jury before they proceeded to consider their verdict, where he had reason to believe they were not likely to come to an agreement, and also to order refreshment to be given the jury when they were locked up.

The Solicitor-General recommended the withdrawal of the measure, on the ground that it did not contain a digest of the law and that its provisions were both objectionable and unnecessary; and after a brief discussion the recommendation was adopted and the bill withdrawn.

The Metropolitan Main Drainage Extension Bill was read a second time.

Leave was given to Sir J. Shelley to bring in a bill to abolish the toll taken for foot passengers crossing Chelsea Bridge.

THURSDAY, MARCH 16.

#### HOUSE OF LORDS.

On the motion of Lord Chelmsford, the Felony and Misdemeanour Evidence Bill—the object of which is to assimilate the procedure in criminal to that in civil cases—was read a second time.

#### HOUSE OF COMMONS.

##### THAMES EMBANKMENT.

Mr. J. WHITE moved for copies of the correspondence between the Board of Trade and the Metropolitan Board of Works relative to the material used for filling in the Thames Embankment, and of the report of Messrs. Coode and Rawlinson thereon to the Board of Trade.

The return was ordered.

#### THE GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

Sir W. GALLWEY called attention to the circumstances in connection with an accident to a train on the Great Western Railway, with regard to which some communications have recently appeared in the papers. He wished to ask the President of the Board of Trade how long the people were to wait for some means of communication between guards and drivers.

Mr. M. GIBSON quite sympathised with the feelings of the passengers who were in the train, without means of communicating with the guard, but he could not say how long the present system of having no communication between the guard and the driver was to last. The subject was one which would come before the Commission for inquiring into the railway system. Until the Commissioners made their report, he was afraid they must be content to wait patiently.

#### THE COMMERCIAL TREATY OF 1860.

Mr. M. GIBSON, in reply to Mr. Treherne and Mr. White, said that last autumn an inquiry was made of France in reference to the reductions of duty, and the reply was that shortly a reduction of 50 per cent would be made. The Government had not been unmindful of the state of the ribbon-weavers of Coventry; but he was afraid that the distress which prevailed there was beyond the reach of legislation.

#### THE ARMY ESTIMATES.

The House then went into Committee of Supply, when the Marquis of HARTINGTON made his financial statement on the Army Estimates, of the course of which he stated that considerable reductions had been made in those Estimates for the year 1865-6. After detailing the way in which these reductions were to be made, he concluded by moving a vote for 142,477 men, which, after some discussion, was agreed to.

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of one such dispute, than another occurs. The quarrel between the masters and workmen in the building trades in the midland counties, which threatened to assume national importance, was hardly adjusted, when the workers in iron in the same quarter were found to be at loggerheads, and the dispute has already reached dimensions which may well entitle it to be called a national calamity. Thousands of men are already idle in North and South Staffordshire and in the north of England: in the first-named quarter by the voluntary act of the class of men called puddlers, engaged in the manufacture of iron, whose business it is to work the metal in the furnace; and in the two latter from the masters blowing out their furnaces and shutting up their works. The ironmasters of Wales and Scotland are expected to follow the example of their brethren in Staffordshire and the north of England, and thousands more will be shortly added to the army of voluntary and enforced idlers. The stoppage of the iron manufacture carries with it the interruption of coal and iron mining, iron-ship building, railway-making, and numerous other branches of industry. And when to the numbers of the men thus thrown out of employment are added those of the women and children dependent upon them, the extent of the evil becomes truly appalling. If the lock-out extends, as it threatens to do, to Wales and Scotland, in the course of another fortnight, probably, a million of mouths will be breadless, and all this when there is no lack of demand for labour, no obstacle to procuring the material on which it ought to be exercised, and no serious difficulty in disposing of its produce. Truly, it is a humiliating thing that such extensive mischief should be caused by the ignorance, folly, cupidity, and evil passions of man.

Were the evil likely to be temporary only, we might be disposed to bear it patiently, enormous as it is; but the very existence of one of the greatest, if not, indeed, the greatest, of our national industries is seriously imperilled by the present dispute. French and Belgian iron, it is said, is already competing with the British product in the market; and from this cause, it is alleged, has arisen the necessity for a reduction of the cost of manufacture in order to lower the selling price of the finished article. If this be so—and we have no disposition to dispute the statement—is it not plain to the meanest comprehension that the very worst way to meet such competition is to discontinue the manufacture altogether, and leave the market entirely to the foreign makers? There is plenty of iron in other parts of the world besides Great Britain: other nations will not be slow to perceive the opportunity afforded them by the folly of the British iron manufacturers, nor lacking in the energy necessary to take advantage of it. Foreign iron will speedily take the place of British-made when the latter is withdrawn; and a market once lost is not easily regained. The cessation of the supply of cotton from America has been the opportunity of India, Egypt, and a host of other places. The cessation of the supply of British iron will, in like manner, be the opportunity of the ironmakers of Belgium, France, and Germany. And this opportunity the masters and men engaged in ironmaking in this country voluntarily afford to their rivals! Can the force of human folly further go?

This result is one which we commend to the attention of both masters and men, for both will have been to blame in bringing it about; but there is another which specially concerns the men. Supposing the ultimate mischief should not be so great as we have indicated, and that the iron trade of England should not be annihilated by this strike and lock-out, it will certainly happen that means of "puddling" and working the metal will be devised which will supersede manual labour largely, if not entirely; and who will the workmen have to thank for this, save themselves? Strikes have again and again been the cause of the introduction of machinery into various branches of industry, and will be so again. Already we hear of mechanical contrivances for puddling iron, and this struggle will inevitably stimulate invention. As in other trades, machines will be constructed capable of performing the work cheaper, more quickly, and probably better than it can be done by manual labour. The general public may reap the benefit, but the men engaged in the work now will have to endure great and prolonged sufferings ere they can accommodate themselves to the new state of things which their own folly has mainly contributed to introduce. We ask the men of North Staffordshire whether it might not be wiser to submit to a small evil now rather than to pave the way for a more grievous one hereafter?

This contest is a striking example of the evil effects which flow from trade combinations as at present managed. The dispute began by the puddlers of North Staffordshire refusing to submit to a reduction of one shilling per ton of iron made by them, which reduction had already been accepted by the puddlers in Wales and South Staffordshire. The North Stafford men were at first supported in their resistance by those of the southern division of the county and their brethren throughout the iron districts generally, and even by other trades not immediately concerned. This was regarded by the masters as indicative of a determination to fight them in detail, the struggle to be taken up by other districts when the men of North Stafford had conquered; and so they determined to make it a general fight of capital against labour all over the country. The support of the other iron districts is said to have been withdrawn from North Stafford; but the masters doubt the sincerity and permanence of this resolution: and hence their conduct, which at the first blush seems harsh and unjust in punishing the guilty and the seemingly innocent indiscriminately, receives a certain

degree of justification. They are fighting combination by counter-combination; and the blame, they say, rests with those who first introduced the system. In this they are, to some extent, right; but it seems to us that they, too, have been instrumental in bringing about the evil they have now to face. The price of bar-iron in 1863 was £6 10s. per ton, the cost of puddling was 7s. 6d. per ton, and there was an understanding that for every £1 added to the market price of iron, one shilling per ton should be added to the wages of the puddlers. The selling price of Staffordshire iron was successively advanced by the masters till, in the course of last year, it reached £10 10s. or £11 per ton, the cost of puddling advancing in a like ratio till it was 10s. 6d. per ton. The masters then found that they had overdone the business, and were being undersold by French and Belgian iron. They reduced the price £1, and three months ago sought a reduction of 1s. per ton on the puddling. This reduction, which was generally accepted, the puddlers of North Staffordshire resisted, thereby certainly violating the understood arrangement. But did not the masters themselves damage their position in the market by overcharging their commodity and seeking to put an undue amount of profit in their own pockets, and thus became the primary cause of all the mischief that followed and is likely to follow? Clearly both sides are to blame; both have been over-ready to take advantages; both have been hasty, obstinate, selfish, and unwise; and both, therefore, should make concessions, retrace their false steps, and adopt a policy of peace and conciliation rather than of strife and defiance.

#### SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

THE QUEEN paid a visit to the Consumption Hospital, Brompton, on Tuesday, and inspected the various wards, with the arrangements and condition of which she expressed herself much pleased.

THE PRINCE OF WALES has instructed General Knollys to discharge from his service every servant who may receive, and to cease employing every tradesman who may pay, a percentage, or who may make a present of any kind, in consideration of his Royal Highness's custom.

THE KING OF PRUSSIA and his Prime Minister, Herr von Bismarck, it is rumoured, intend to make a grand tour together through Schleswig and Holstein in the course of the spring.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA has issued a work full of erudition and research, being an exact representation in colours of all the jewels, trinkets, and other treasures belonging as heirlooms to the Austrian Crown.

HER MAJESTY has made choice of a design for an equestrian statue, by Mr. John Steel, her Majesty's sculptor for Scotland, for the Scottish National Memorial to the late Prince Consort. The site approved is in the level ground of the Queen's Park, behind Holyrood Palace.

MR. GEORGE THOMPSON has been lecturing at Montreal on "The Civil War of America: its sources and consequences."

MR. HAUSSMANN, the Prefect of the Seine, has resolved upon giving the name of "Julius Caesar" to one of the streets of Paris.

MAZZINI has published a stinging address to the Pope on his famous encyclical letter.

MR. RUMBLE, the Government official who was mixed up in the Rappahannock affair, has been shelved, upon half pay.

THE FUR TRADE of St. Paul, Minnesota, has grown from 1400 dols. in 1814 to 300,000 dols. in 1864.

THE PRUSSIANS AND DANES in ALSEN have had a serious fight. The daughter of the Bishop of Alsen had her head fractured, and blood was shed on the ice.

AN AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY has been established in Burmah. Its annual show was to take place last month. Among the poultry prizes were some for peacocks, partridges, swans, and peacocks.

THE INDO-EUROPEAN TELEGRAPH LINE from Kurrachee to Persia, Turkey, and Europe was opened to the public on the 8th of February.

A TUNNEL to connect the north and south ends of Scarborough, by penetrating the ridge on which the castle stands, is to be utilised with a pneumatic railway.

THE CONFEDERATE CRUISER SHENANDOAH arrived at Melbourne on Jan. 28, having, in her passage from the Cape, burnt eleven Federal vessels.

THE PRICE of "GOLDEN-COLOURED" HAIR IN PARIS is 125f. an ounce, so much is that hair esteemed and coveted by ladies. It is growing dearer and rarer every day, and it is said will soon be sold at 125f. the carat, or, more correctly, the carat.

THE REV. JOHN DAVIS, the Ordinary of Newgate, died very suddenly on Tuesday morning. The rev. gentleman got into an omnibus to ride to the prison and fell back fainting on the seat. He was carried to Newgate and removed to the Governor's room, and there it was found that he was dead.

THE COMMITTEE OF THE NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION have agreed upon recommending Brighton as the site for the Easter-Monday volunteer review. They state that there are insuperable objections against the selection of Dover.

ONE OF THE SENSATIONS in the new opera of "L'Africaine" is to be an entirely new instrument, called the "contra-bassoon" which emits an awful growl, in some notes. It is of monstrous size; and the player, who must have a giant's power of chest, can readily take up his night's lodgings in it.

A FEW DAYS AGO a solitary mountain near Motta St. Anastasia, in the district of Sielli, suddenly sank down to the level of the plain, leaving no trace behind except a few trees which stood on its top, and are still partly visible. This strange phenomenon is attributed to the volcanic action of Mount Etna, though the distance is considerable.

A HIGHLANDER, under the influence of whisky, once went, on a very hot day, to be married by the Rev. Mr. Grant, of Abernethy. The service having commenced, the bridegroom was asked, "Are you willing to take this woman to be your wedded wife?" "Yes," he replied, wiping large drops of perspiration from his face, "yes, if I got a drink!"

A WOMAN NAMED MARTIN, in a state of intoxication, went into the parlour of a public-house in Fimlico and threw her child on to the fire. It was very much cut and burnt, and is now in hospital. The woman seemed to have no regret for what she had done.

THE FATAL ACCIDENT TO WOOLWICH CADETS.—The inquest on the body of John Newman Harrison, cadet of her Majesty's training-ship Worcester, who was lately drowned, with nine others, by the upsetting of a boat off Erith, was brought to a close on Monday, when the jury returned a verdict of "Accidental death." Notwithstanding the search for the bodies of the lads drowned, only one out of the ten has yet been recovered. John Cashman, the boatswain on the occasion of the accident, exerted himself gallantly to save lives, in which he was successful as regards several; and the London Swimming Club has awarded to him a silver medal with a suitable inscription in admiration of his heroic conduct.

VISCOUNT AMBERLEY AT LEEDS.—Viscount Amberley addressed a meeting of the electors of Leeds on Wednesday evening, and was closely cross-examined by some of his audience. His Lordship seems to have gone back in his political faith since he first spoke at Leeds. He now requires to see more of the working of the ballot in other countries before he pledges himself to support it here. As to the franchise, he has not made up his mind, but he declines to pledge himself to vote for Mr. Baines's bill. The meeting on Wednesday evening strongly expressed its disapprobation of these views, and in a resolution, while thanking his Lordship for coming to Leeds, distinctly declared that nobody who would not vote for a £6 franchise would be elected by them as member for the borough.

MATTHEWS AND THE REWARDS.—The question of the rewards offered for the apprehension of Franz Müller has at last been brought to an issue. The subject as to its disposal has for a long time been under consideration. On the one hand it was argued that Matthews alone was entitled to the money; and on the other it was stated that Mr. Death and Mr. Repsch would share in it. It is now decided that the whole of the amount—namely, £300—will go to Matthews, or rather to the assignees in bankruptcy for the benefit of his creditors. On Monday a Government check for £100 in favour of Matthews was received by Mr. Beard; and in all probability Messrs. Roberts and the North London Railway Company will follow suit, and forward their respective rewards without delay. Matthews is no longer in prison; and his creditors, it is said, are disposed to act very leniently towards him.



SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1865.

#### THE LOCK-OUT IN THE IRON TRADE.

If no better means can be devised for settling disputes between employers and employed and adjusting the claims of capital and labour than combinations and counter-combinations, strikes and lock-outs, we fear the boasted intelligence and judgment of this nineteenth century must count for very little indeed. The community is no sooner relieved from apprehension of a general paralysis of trade in consequence

## THE FIRST BALL.

Is there one of our male readers who has an accurate recollection of his first ball or the earliest evening party to which he was suffered to go, attended by his eldest sister, or from which he was fetched home at nine o'clock by the maid? We believe not; and yet we are equally certain that there is scarcely a single lady (speaking numerically and not unmaritally) who has not the most perfect remembrance of such an event, however remotely she may have been concerned in it. She can recollect all the details of the dresses worn on the occasion, if not by the whole company, at least by her most intimate friends; can still realise all the flutter of excitement which moved her childish heart and flushed her little cheek, as she saw the tiny dancing-shoes, the delicate little fairy dress; the bright, new, crisp waist ribbon; the mites of gloves; and, though she may now be a matron with half a dozen little ones of her own, can sit and think of this seeming far-off time, till it comes quite close to to-day, and she recognises in fancy the perfume of the lavender-scented drawer, the old favourite pincushion, the oval-framed glass, the white-curtained window, the table nicknacks, and all the accessories of that dressing-room where she first felt the expectant thrill of going to a party. What a strange maze of wonder and satisfaction it is to a child, this first ball! Why do the grown-up ladies and gentlemen dance with such serious faces? Why don't those big boys leaning against the wall jump about with each other, if the ladies won't play? Has Miss Smith that bone in her leg now that mamma says is the reason why she doesn't like jumping about the garden? or is Miss Smith old—though it is rude to ask? Why do all these other young ladies who have been to their first ball before look so prim and solemn, and turn out their toes so, and glance so cross at Master Brown when he bumps up against them, as he does every now and then, without meaning it? Why are their partners—Master White, Master Grey, and Master Green—so frightened by them, and so careful not to lift their feet off the ground? Is this what mamma means when she says people don't romp and jump about at parties, but behave themselves properly? How pretty the lights, and the dresses, and the glass and silver on the supper-table look; and who would ever be tired and want to go to bed before ever so late? Whatever time will they have supper, though? because person can't keep on dancing all night without even so much as an orange for fear of the juice on one's sash, or of a bit of sweet because it makes one's gloves so sticky. There's not much fun after all. Those boys are so stupid; it's their fault; and now two or three of them are playing together in a corner!

There's nothing to make one tired in a party, and yet if one only shuts one's eyes a minute mamma thinks it's time for Jane to put one's cloak on. Well, here's supper, that's a good thing; all the young ladies can find seats, and so why shouldn't one get near that pretty red jelly with the fruit in it, like the flies that uncle John has in his desk all melted into a bit of amber? That jelly isn't so nice as the apple-snow, though; but the ice makes one's teeth ache. Champagne is good for the toothache, better than lemonade, better than negus even. Mamma thinks it will get in one's head. That's nonsense. What a noise! and how they are dancing again in the other room! How pleasant it is to come to a ball when they have supper afterwards! It is real, of course; or suppose it should turn out to be a dream. But I'm not asleep. Who's that falling off the chair? Not me, though mamma says it is. Where am I? Then it is a dream; and here's Jane with the shawl.

Dreaming ourselves before Mr. Girardot's picture in the British Institution, this was the substance of our pleasant vision; not that the ball itself is suggested, except by that sweet, little, piquant, coquettish face, and the still sweeter one which is not too old to sympathise with all its excitement and to answer its flushing signal. Not the faces alone, however, but all the accessories of this little domestic story are full of loving, tender study, while the exquisite

sheen of that mauve silk dress, contrasted with the gauzy white of that tiny robe of purest muslin, are as beautiful a piece of finished work as any critic could desire as a compensation for having to kneel down in order to look at thoroughly.

## "MUSIC AND DANCING."

Yes; a combination of the arts in which both performers are as absolutely absorbed as though one were listening to the divinest symphonies of immortal composers, and the other had succeeded in engaging a *prima danseuse* to the delight of the public and the managerial profit.

To those who look at this picture and recognise all the sordid surroundings of the two scrubby children, it will surely occur that there is an ideal world—far beyond that harsh tin whistle and the poor tawdry doll—in which this brother and sister have an interest. The shed which is their playground, where they may sit undisturbed, becomes a bower of bliss, under the magic influence of youthful hopes and anticipations; and the harsh tune, played with many jerks and false notes, is but the precursor of hours of hard work and

many an enthusiastic follower of the game has retreated before an enormous pair of goloshes, and those plain white pantaloons terminating in three plain tucks, which are so hideously out of all character, as they appear half a yard below the edge of a chocolate-and-blue petticoat. Then, again, what can be more hideous than Shankling, of the Inner Temple, who persists in appearing in a pair of knickerbockers, beneath which his legs, enveloped in ringed particoloured hose, and his great feet ornamented with ponderous "beetle-crushers," resemble nothing so much as a couple of painted tobacco pipes with the bowls downwards? One can't be rude to ladies, or it might be sufficient to mention Mrs. Bunion, the wife of the special pleader, or Miss Hoppergoe, the contractor's daughter, to prove that croquet is altogether unadapted for many ladies, who might make a very pretty figure at the billiard-table, where arms and hands take the place of legs and feet, and the shape of a wrist is more to the purpose than the trimmest ankle in all the world. Indeed, it was the absolute necessity for a billiard-table at every country house to which the foregoing remarks were intended to apply; for what on earth is to be done else on those damp, shivery mornings and those wet, muggy afternoons and evenings to which we are so liable in this variable climate?

What, again, is to occupy that long, dreary period between the latest breakfast and the midday luncheon? You have been all the famous walks, including that romantic ramble in the Dripping Woods, beyond Slopperton Meadow; you have tried for some of the speckled trout at Splashbridge; and have ridden for four consecutive mornings across the piece by Dribble's farm, and home round the shoulder of Squashley-hill. You can't ask anybody to "met you by moonlight alone" when the rain is dripping perpetually on the leaves of the elm, and the moss in the dwarf wood is all green oozy sponge; you have looked through every photographic album in the place; and the few novels in the library are all as stale as an old railway guide. What is to be done but to yawn disconsolately in the great chintz chairs, to look out of window and wonder what time the train goes to London, or to commence some serious flirtation of which no one can see the end?

I protest I would make it a law that nobody who set up for a country gentleman should be permitted to invite more than two guests together unless he had first established a tolerably appointed billiard-room.

The ladies—bless them!—like it, as they do all games where they can exhibit little eccentricities of costume, and show a pretty figure or a dainty hand to advantage; and what can be more delightful to contemplate than a bevy of beauties assembled after breakfast over the smooth, green

table, their cues balanced in their taper fingers, and their lovely shoulders bent gracefully for a stroke? Can anything be more piquante, more *ravissante*, than their bright, fresh, morning dresses, and the shining waves of their hair, as they contrast with the dark-green baize? How their fresh faces glow with the excitement of the game! and with what a deadly precision does every click of the cue against a ball go to the heart of every man present!

I have known of a too-retiring lover, with a property of eleven thousand a year and the next successor to a title, who was so affected when the lady cushioned skilfully for a pocket, that he proposed the same afternoon, and they were married a month afterwards.

And this brings me to another point in connection with billiards. The ladies should have that same delightful privilege of cheating at this, as they very properly have at other games, whether of chance or skill. Should a fair mace blow on a ball, or accidentally catch the flounce of her robe against the table when the red hangs over the pocket, or should she, with a pretty scream, stop her ball from rolling towards a dangerous corner, it is the duty of the male player either to be assiduously chalking his cue, or to smile gently, as though he recognised so innocent an act as a well-known rule of the game. Of course, there should be no gambling in the presence of ladies; a match for a pair of gloves may

"THE TOILET FOR THE FIRST BALL."—(FROM A PICTURE BY E. G. GIRARDOT, IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.)

study by which that shock-headed artist may acquire a great reputation.

There is something in Mr. White's picture so suggestive and so natural that it may well have attracted more notice than many more pretentious works in the same exhibition.

## BILLIARDS.

It is all very well to play at croquet on a bright day with a good piece of smooth turf and a party who know the game; but to stand up before the bridges on a lumpy lawn, after a sloppy morning, with half a dozen learners, who have only just bought a shilling book on the subject, is as great a misery as any of those which await suffering humanity at a dull country house at the very edge of the season.

No; let everybody who really means to do the thing well maintain a properly kept run of level ground, and take care to invite a few really good players, with at least half a dozen young ladies in the possession of pretty feet and ankles and a fine taste in stockings.

The truth must be told—croquet fails miserably unless the ladies (who are its main support) understand the necessary costume, and



be gracefully lost sometimes by a very good player; but, unless a man can easily give his opponent fifty-seven and win, he should beware of betting even a shilling on the game, because he gets excited and wants to win, than which I know nothing more fatal in the estimation of our fair companions.

To tell the truth, ladies don't like very good players, who are ready to show their skill too often; and they have an almost equal objection to a man who is talked of as a good player by other men. Most of the dear creatures regard public or subscription billiard-rooms with a certain horror. Many of them have read that story in "Hoyle" about the Dutch Baron who concealed his play, won ten thousand pounds, and afterwards turned out to be a Hamburg "marker"; and yet if you would retain their esteem you must imitate that great man's example by playing indifferently, but sometimes making a prodigiously lucky stroke—when you are on *their* side. You may depend upon it that women come positively to dislike a man who is always successful, and feel so much gentle sympathy for distress and failure, that I, for my part, would always let a rival win three games out of five. Especially do the dear creatures hate that triumphant flush of success which some men are too ready to show. It was this that was the ruin of young Charles Carambole, who first spent and afterwards made three hundred a year by billiards.

He was at old Mr. Langley's place, where a good many people were staying, including the celebrated Count Von Skhuer, against whom Carambole pitted himself very readily, much to the admiration of old Langley, who had himself studied Charles's famous cannon-stroke with indifferent success. While Carambole and Skhuer played it was no great matter, though the ladies often deserted the billiard-room; and Rosa, who had, it was thought, a tenderness for Charles, would scarcely speak to him for a day or two, much to the delight of young Fowler, who was dying of love for the same lady. Now, so far from seeing this and making short work of the Count, who was a better player than he, Carambole, in the height of arrogant success, began to

taunt Fowler with his want of skill, to which, indeed, he laid no claim, and was altogether so offensive that Isabella Moore, Rosa's bosom friend, determined to baulk this "gambler" and "roué," for as such she set him down, and watched him pretty closely. Now, this is what happened on the day when everybody was to play in a great match. Early in the morning Bella, who went out for a "constitutional" before breakfast, passed the billiard-room door on her way through the hall, and fancied that she heard a clicking. The door itself was fastened on the inside; but, looking through the keyhole, who should she see but Charles busy at his famous cushion-stroke, and just afterwards engaged at the table near the spot where his ball had been placed. Bella stayed at home that morning, and when the breakfast bell rang, and Carambole had regained his room, flew down to the green board, where she began to peer curiously about near the cushion, at that end where she had seen the gentleman standing. She saw nothing but a *very faint* brownish tinge just on the very spot where she remembered Charles usually played for the corner. That tinge was visible from the other end of the board, and when Bella played a ball over the spot she found she could make the famous cushion-stroke twice out of five times. She flew up stairs and was down again before you could have counted ten. In her hand she carried a long darning-needle, and with the utmost skill inserted it beneath the cushion and under the green baize, about three inches in front of that very spot.

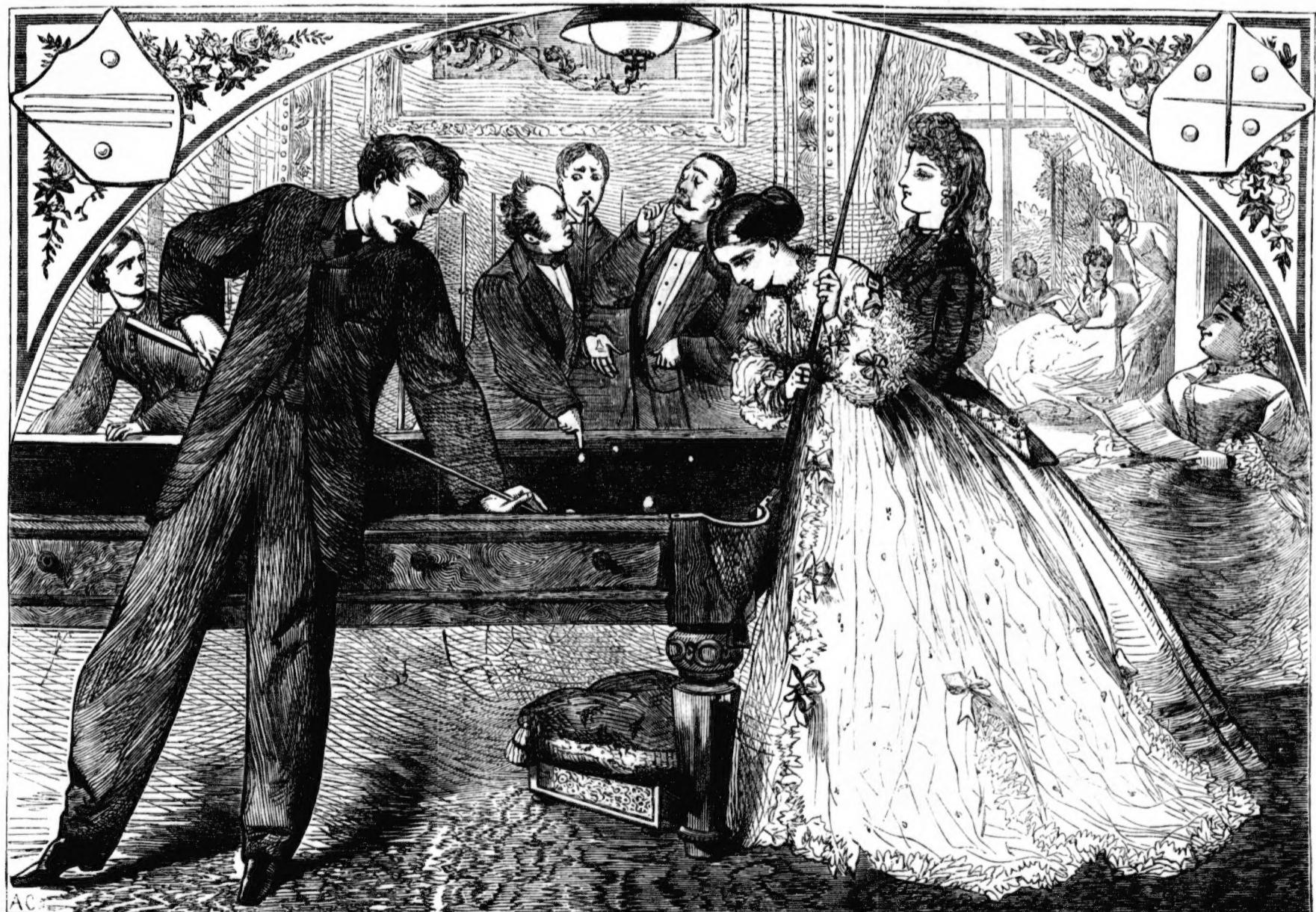
To this day Charles Carambole has never learned by what mysterious means his ball skewed off and lost him the game at the supreme moment when he had assumed his most elegant attitude and prepared for triumph by a covert sneer at young Fowler.

He lost more than the five pounds he had ventured with the Count on that game. He lost the young affection of Rosa and a snug property of seven hundred a year which came to her from her mother. Fowler, who had never won half a dozen games at billiards in his life, came into both before the year was over.

T. A.



"MUSIC AND DANCING."—(FROM A PICTURE BY D. T. WHITE, IN THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.)



"BILLIARDS."—(DRAWN BY FLORENCE CLAXTON)

## ILLUSTRATED TIMES

## THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

The House of Commons has again refused to allow the Great Eastern Railway to "tap" the northern districts. The battle came off on Tuesday, and great was the gathering of members on the occasion. The Great Easterners mustered in all their strength, but they could not stand the shock of the confederate powers—the London and North-Western, the Midland, and the Great Northern. It was in vain that the plen was entered that the proposed line was needed, and that the fascinating argument was entered that coals would be brought to town 3s. per ton cheaper than they are now if the bill should pass. The representatives of London were few in number; the Great Eastern covers comparatively a small district, and its friends are comparatively few; whereas the directors, and contractors, and shareholders, and all the other subjects of the three great powers, are strong in numbers and mighty in influence. My readers would scarcely conceive the interest which was excited by this struggle. At one time, though under 300 voted, nearly 400 members were present. A considerable number refused to vote: some, because their constituencies were divided in opinion; others, because their own opinions were different to those of their constituents. The lobby was crowded as it never has been before this Session. And when those who had got permission to go under the gallery were called there rushed up such a crowd, hustling the doorkeepers and jamming up the doorway, that, if the inspector of police had not opportunely brought up his men and swept the mob—for mob it was—of chairmen, directors, and shareholders, engineers, lawyers, and contractors, clean across the lobby, the house would have been swamped by strangers.

On Monday night Lord Palmerston had a dangerous fall at the House of Commons. He was going through one of the doorways when some one on the other side pushed open the spring door and knocked the noble Lord down. He was, however, quickly assisted up, found to be unhurt, marched into the House, fell asleep comfortably, and was not roused until it was time to rise to close the debate. It is wonderful that the noble Lord escaped so well, considering his age and that he fell upon a stone floor.

Touching those letters written by the Duke of Wellington to Lady Olivia Sparrow, which Lord Robert Montagu wishes to sell—what on earth could the old Iron Duke have to talk of to this lady? The Duke was a man of the world; but Lady Olivia was very religious—of the old Calvinistic school, if I remember rightly—very much like Althea Newcome. Indeed, I have always had a notion that Thackeray must have taken Lady Olivia as his model when he created Althea Newcome. Lady Olivia was the daughter of the first Earl Gosford, and married General Sparrow. It was the General, or a relation of his, who put up for Bedford, with a Sir William Wake, in opposition to the celebrated Mr. Whitbread, brewer and statesman, and the more celebrated John Howard, the philanthropist. On this occasion the clergyman of St. Paul's Church, in that town—being a partisan of Whitbread and Howard—preached, during the contest, from this text: "Fear not, therefore, ye are of more value than many Sparrows."

It was, as I said, considered to be a settled thing that Parliament will be dissolved in July. But, nevertheless, bets are offered that it will not be dissolved this year; and I have been told that Lord Palmerston has openly said that he has no thought of dissolving until next spring. Still, I cannot but think that the dissolution will take place in July, and I know that if the Premier be unwilling he will be strongly urged to change his mind, that the candidates may be put out of their misery and saved the cost of agents, &c.

Was Mr. Spooner, the late M.P. for North Warwickshire, a partner in the firm of Spooner and Attwood, whose bank has lately come to grief? I have seen it stated in some of the papers that he was, and yet one would hope that he was not; for it would be painful to have to know that he whom everybody respected knowingly carried on a bankrupt concern. Perhaps he had withdrawn from the business and only left it in his name. One thing is certain: if he were a partner, it was not extravagance of his that ruined the bank, for he lived in very frugal style. People who believed that he was a rich banker thought that he was parsimonious and even mean. He lodged in Manchester-buildings, near Westminster Bridge, and his chambers were by no means stylish. It is said that he lived wholly on his wife's property. Still the question remains, Was he a partner in the Birmingham bank? which, of course, will be answered when the affairs of the bank come to be investigated. Meanwhile, let us hope that the answer will be in the negative. By the way, it is said that the insolvency of this bank was caused by the withdrawal of the Attwoods and their capital. Does this mean that the Attwoods left the bank insolvent? How could they do this, legally? The partners in a concern are answerable for its debts, and one does not see how a partner can withdraw with his capital until all the debts owing at the time are satisfied. Again, why should traders and bankers be allowed to keep the names of men in a firm long after the men have withdrawn? If the customers of this bank had known that "Spooner and Attwood" meant only Mr. Marshall, would they have intrusted the bank with their money? Surely it is very much like a fraud to hold out to their customers that they, the trustees A. B., were reputed to be wealthy, when, in fact, they are trustees of whom they know nothing.

On Saturday week the Langham Club held its usual conversazione prior to the opening of the Suffolk-street Gallery. Some very meritorious works were exhibited; but I fancy most of the artists are holding back for the Royal Academy's exhibition, which, it is whispered, will be even better than last year's. I shall be quite content if it be as good, and I confess I am afraid to hope for more, for fear of disappointment. What a pity it is there are not more important exhibitions to open, because then there would be more Langham conversazioni; and they are the most delightful meetings possible, with a good deal of art, and a good deal of fun, and a good deal of jolly fellowship, not to mention a little music and a little dramatic business; in addition to all which you don't have to "dress;" and smoking is not strictly prohibited.

## THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales again visited the ADELPHI THEATRE on Monday evening last.

The old comedy or comedietta of "Three Weeks After Marriage" has been revived at the HAYMARKET.

During the last week Mr. Fechter has been seriously indisposed. He has been compelled to absent himself from the theatre, and Mr. Emery now plays Robert Macaire, in "The Roadside Inn." The play of "The Stranger" has introduced the Mrs. Haller of Mdle. Beatrice to the LYCEUM audience, and Mr. Ryder supports her, as The Stranger.

Mr. Henry Leslie's drama of "The Mariner's Compass" is as excellent as Mr. Henry Leslie's dramas usually are. The construction of this last success is as original as it is admirable, and the moral it inculcates is unexceptionable. The incidents occupy three acts and a prologue, and the scene is laid in the immediate vicinity of the North Foreland, so that the scenery of that part of the coast of Kent is familiar to the eyes of the audience of ASTLEY'S. There is a capital representation of a ship wrecked on the coast, and of the means employed for saving the sufferers; and there are sufficiently realistic tableaux of Margate Sands, Kingsgate Castle, the well-known tavern The Captain Digby, and the lower landing-stage of Margate Jetty by moonlight. The piece is capital acted, and the moral, to the excellence of which I have already borne testimony, reverses the dictum of the sea-song written, I believe, by Dibdin:

For grog is our larboard and starboard,  
Our mainmast, our mizen, our log;  
At sea, or on shore, or when harboured,  
The mariner's compass is grog.

Not so, says Mr. Henry Leslie, through the voice of his hero, Ruby Dayrell. "The Mariner's Compass" is Duty, and, though we fear that Mr. Dibdin's decision is the more correct, certainly Mr. Leslie's is the more poetical.

I have not yet been to hear Miss Fanny Kemble's Readings, and I anticipate a great pleasure from this really intellectual enjoyment.

It is said that Miss Bateman is shortly to appear as Bianca, in Milman's play of "Fazio." The new farce, by Messrs. Brough and Halliday, of "Going to the Dogs" proves an agreeable *lever-de rideau* to the substantial fare provided for the admirers of the legitimate drama at DRURY LANE. The incidents, though slight, are very humorous. A married man of narrowed circumstances, of the name of Fidge, comes, somehow or other, into the possession of a dog that is not his own property. He fears that his respectability will be damaged if the facts are brought to light; for, although entirely innocent, accumulated evidence is against him. His wife notices his agitation, and, reading in the report of the Divorce Court the case of "Ponto v. Ponto and Fidge," presumes that her husband is the Mr. Fidge, and becomes jealous. A high-spirited man, one Trotter, and a noisy and litigious milkman, complicate the embroilment; and an elderly lady of the name of Dibbs, accompanied by two policemen, arrives to claim her lost pet. Miss Dibbs is Mrs. Fidge's rich aunt, from whom the married couple have expectations. The pet is restored to her, and the young couple are restored to her good graces. The farce is very well acted by Messrs. Belmore, Matthews, and Spencer; Miss Howard, Miss Seymour, and Mrs. Melville.

On Wednesday next an amateur performance is to take place at the Bijou Theatre in behalf of a Baronet and his family who are reduced to great poverty. The pieces are "The Old Offender" and "Law for Ladies." The amateurs are Viscount Castlecuffe, Lord Lilford, the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, the Right Hon. J. W. Fitzpatrick, Sir John Sebright, Mr. Skeffington Smith, Mr. Temple, Mr. Hozier, Miss Mary Boyle, and Mdle. Emilie de Vigne. The Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duchess of Cambridge and Princess Mary, have consented to give, not only their patronage, but their presence on the occasion; and the Duke and Duchess d'Aumale have promised their attendance. I need not say how full a house is anticipated. Of course, I shall report on the results in your next Impression.

EGYPTIAN HALL.—Again Mr. Arthur Sketchley is to the fore, and with an entertainment which, if not entirely new, has received many additions and improvements since we last enjoyed it. "Paris Portrayed" contains the cream of Mr. Arthur Sketchley's former entertainment, at which Londoners have laughed so long; and some capital new songs, among which the relation of Mr. Griggs's mishaps in the French capital (which is from the pen of Mr. W. S. Gilbert), and another (the production of Mr. Henry Leigh) on the troubles of a twin-brother who is unable to separate his identity from that of the other twin, are the principal features. In the panorama several new scenes are given, the work of Messrs. O'Connor, Hayes, White, and Hall. Mrs. Brown's recital of her visit to the Victoria Thaeter still concludes the entertainment—in fact, Mrs. Brown is a standing dish. She is human nature, and literary and artistic human nature has this advantage over the original article—that it never grows old. Mrs. Brown is fresh and vigorous as when the public had first the pleasure of making her acquaintance; and the estimable lady is destined to the eternal youth already enjoyed by Dame Quickly, Mistress Slipslop, Malvolio, Lord Dundreary, Sam Slick, and Mrs. Gamp. On the opening night the hall was most fashionably attended.

## FINE ARTS.

## EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE LATE DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.

WHEN on the 25th of last November an elderly gentleman walking in Berners-street was struck down with a fit of apoplexy, was conveyed home, and died the same evening, not only did Art suffer a loss, but the British public was deprived of a friend. For to many of us who has never left England, or even London, David Roberts had realised scenes, about which we had only vaguely dreamt until that lifelike pencil of his placed them vividly before us, peopled with the men and women of the present day, but pervaded with the poetry of the past.

Dying at a ripe age—just a month after attaining to his sixtieth year, within a couple of twelvemonths of the scriptural period of threescore years and ten, and working at his beloved art until the very morning of his death, this veteran—the house-painter, the scene-painter, the Royal Academician, David Roberts, has left behind him a multitude of pictures, before which, even considering the length of his life and his unabated vigour, we stand wonderstruck at the patience and fruitfulness of his labour.

To any young man who feels within him the irrepressible longing for art, under disadvantageous circumstances—and there must be many such—the history of David Roberts, about whose grave so many distinguished men and sorrowing friends gathered, must be full of comfort and cheer. The great artist but just lost to us began life in a humble sphere—was apprenticed, in fact, to a house-painter in Edinburgh when he was little more than ten years old. With what struggling early effort must not little David have blotted furtively with the house-colours on all sorts of uncongenial surfaces! But, if he painted on the sly, at all events he worked out his articles honestly, and served his seven years of apprenticeship with laudable loyalty.

Two years after the expiration of his articles we hear of his first scenic effort, when he painted a flat for some strolling players at Carlisle. In what booth is that early painting wandering now? Unless an envious dauber have obliterated it, possibly it delights and surprises some chance visitor to the canvas theatre of a country fair, and sets him wondering how it got into such company. In 1819 David Roberts became a student, under Andrew Wilson, at the "Trustees' Academy" at Edinburgh, and there received his only tuition in art. How little he owed to art education may be surmised when we learn that he only stayed at the academy a week, during which time he made two copies of hands. The young aspirant, of whom we spoke above as likely to find encouragement in the history of this artist's career, must not place this before him as something to be necessarily emulated. It is only genius that can leap the gulf which ordinary men must diligently and laboriously span with the slowly-built arches of the educational bridge. David Roberts did not become a great artist because he never had any lessons in drawing, but in spite of that fact.

In 1820 David Roberts was employed as scene-painter at the Theatres Royal of Glasgow and Edinburgh. It was during this year that he married, and during this year, too, that he exhibited his first pictures—his earliest oil-painting being, by-the-way, rejected by the Edinburgh Exhibition. In this last incident there is no necessity to look for encouragement for our young artists, since of late years a rejection at the hands of the English Academy has been rather an acknowledgment of merit than an implication of failure.

The real commencement of Roberts's career of success must, however, be dated from 1822, when he was engaged under King Eliston, of Drury Lane, and painted the two noted scenes "Old St. Paul's" and "St. Paul's as it is." The last picture on which he was engaged, on the very morning of his death, was a picture of St. Paul's too. And between the day when he laid the scene for Old Drury and the hour when he touched the unfinished canvas of "St. Paul's from Fleet-street" and laid aside brush and pallet for the last time, his course was one of continuous toil, during which he wandered in many lands and covered many a yard of canvas with vivid reproductions of what he saw. During the autumn of 1864 he spent some time in the beautiful Isle of Wight, and, as if by some foreknowledge of what was at hand, employed his leisure in signing and strengthening some of his slighter drawings. In his work he was no less rapid than industrious. In all his wanderings he was ever sketch-book in hand, and he completed drawings of large size and full of detail not unfrequently in one day, as the dates testify. He kept a journal, moreover, in which he entered a pictorial note of all the paintings which left his studio, with a memorandum of their destination. This journal is placed under a glass case, in the exhibition-room at the Institute of Architects, in Conduit-street, where nearly nine hundred pictures, drawings, sketches, and etchings—and these form only a portion of his works—are now on view, thanks to the kindness of his family,

whose disinterested intention it is to divide the proceeds arising from the exhibition between two excellent institutions—the Artists' General Benevolent and the Artists' Benevolent Funds.

Our first impression on entering the gallery is one of wonder at the number of works and the variety of styles. What happy effects, what breadth of treatment, what poetic arrangement, what felicitous selection of subject! Some critics have found fault with his painting at times, and he has been accused of occasionally departing from the real features of the places he painted. If so, he is not the first or the only artist who, by avoiding the introduction into his picture of objects which, though present in nature, are not as obtrusive as they would become in the canvas, has strengthened rather than weakened the resemblance, and has thrown into his views a spirit which the tame and servile reproductions of photography can never possess. There were other things in his pictures to which some of us objected at times; but, even if it were right to do so, we could not find fault with them now. Standing in this gallery, in the presence of so many pictures, which will be an endless delight and treasure for the world, we feel almost ashamed to remember such questioning. We have lost a liberal benefactor, and we blush to think that we took exception to the methods of his charity.

No one can visit this collection, we believe, without echoing the expression we here use—that Roberts was a benefactor to us all. Here, in these few rooms, we travel with him from our own Thames to beautiful France and sunny Spain. We wander among the majestic monuments of Egypt, or tread in the footsteps of the Saviour in the Holy Land. Other views may possibly be more exact to the number of columns at Edfoo or the number of cracks in any particular column; none could realise for us more thoroughly the characteristics and the influence of the places depicted; certainly none could infuse such poetry into our conceptions of them.

The Syrian and Egyptian views are full of interest. There is a curious individuality of character about the vast remains of the Past which Roberts has caught with extraordinary felicity. With what dumb, deathless patience the gigantic figures seated at the gates of Abo Simbel, buried in a slope of accumulated sand, gaze with half-upturned faces on the sun, almost as immortal as the luminary itself! And within, in the sombre glooms, how the great Silences, standing knee-deep in the sands—literally the sands of Time—piled up by century after century, smile placid and immutable! But at Koun Ombos the ruins seem struggling—mutely, it is true, but with a terrible, voiceless agony—with the fate that is overpowering them. At Karnac the immense columns appear to possess neither the repose nor the energy of the giants we have spoken of. They droop weakly, but struggle not; and around them as around the others, as at the gates of every huge temple and in the inmost recesses of every shrine—as up to the throat of the Sphinx, whose grand countenance, beautiful even in mutilation, seems to frown defiance at it—the noiseless ocean of sand surges in every picture, a perpetual commentary on the value of man's mightiest effort and the perishableness of his noblest work. Another place with a marked individuality is that island on the Nile rightly called Philæ, the Beloved. Bending over its image in the glassy, rapid river, waving its fan of palms, and adorned with a graceful temple whose columns seem absolute fairy-work, this little island to us seems the embodiment of feminine loveliness—the lady of the Lotos Land.

The views of the Holy Land have also a deep solemnity and interest; but of a holier and more hopeful description than that inspired by the Egyptian solitudes. Jerusalem, standing upon Zion, with a yellow haze of sunlight behind it, Bethlehem nesting on its little hill among the olive groves, the oily surface of the Dead Sea, the blue waves of Tiberias, and the tiny hamlet of Nazareth, have all of them associations which will be awakened with a fresh charm by these sketches, and will perhaps hereafter exist more independently for them, rather as spots we have seen and visited than as distant places of which we have only heard.

The decayed grandeur of Rome, the lazy loveliness of Naples, the life in death of Venice, are all to be seen portrayed here; with many a lovely glimpse of Florence, Pisa, Verona, Milan, Paestum, Amalfi, and Tivoli,

From whose green steeps the Anio leaps  
In floods of snow-white foam.

Or we can visit Spain, and gaze with wondering admiration on the magical beauty of the Alhambra, the frowning front of Gibraltar, or the noble cathedral of Seville. Malaga, Burgos, Xeres, Granada, Andalusia—from each of these this prolific painter brought away some note of loveliness or picturesque quaintness, just as he roamed, pencil in hand, through more common paths in France and Germany, industriously storing up reminiscences or laying by hints of colour and costume. For he could draw the figure too, this artist, who had once made two studies of hands in chalk by way of learning his art. Not the least interesting of the screens is one covered with studies of figures—chiefly made in Spain—priests and peasants, beggars and dancing-boys, charming little notes of dresses, and attitudes, and characters.

There are, moreover, many views on the Thames—about Westminster for the most part—that will enable us, by their truth, to realise the real value of Roberts's foreign views. Of these, of course, the one which possesses the greatest interest—and a very melancholy one—is his unfinished painting of St. Paul's from Fleet-street; a picture which, had he lived to finish it, would have been a national boon, for it shows us our cathedral as we shall never see it again until the London, Chatham, and Dover line blows up or breaks down its unsightly viaduct or the aerial machine super-sedes railways altogether.

On this picture, on the 25th of November, 1864, David Roberts employed his facile and wonder-working brush for the last time. In the same room in which it hangs are exhibited a few oil sketches, one or two note-books, his journal, and some photographs of the dead artist, whose kindly face, fine head, and silvery hair many will recall with a sigh. In one picture the old man is photographed with a little girl—his grandchild—between his knees. It reminds us that, if the world has to lament the death of a distinguished artist, there are some to whom his loss is that of a near and dear relative, but to whom we hope, by-and-by, the universal recognition of his great genius will be some slight consolation, in the knowledge that the purpose and noble ambition of his life was achieved.

GAS COMPANIES.—A Parliamentary return just issued gives an account of the affairs of gas companies established by Act of Parliament. The return shows that, whatever their gas may be, their profits are good. Although it is generally supplied at a lower rate now than a few years ago, yet the dividend paid in 1863, the latest year in the return, was very commonly 10 per cent, and in several instances companies have begun paying 3 or 4 per cent more as back dividends to bring up the payment in their earlier years to the 10 per cent. The charge for gas in London is returned as generally 4s. 6d. per 1000 cubic feet, but where it is specified that Cannel is supplied the charge for that is 6s. The rates of charge range between 3s. and 4s. in various parts of the north of England, and in Leicestershire, Derby, and Bristol; and, on the other hand, the rates in many towns are equal to or exceed those of London—6s. 3d. at Bury St. Edmunds, 7s. at Warwick.

LAUNCH OF THE PALLAS.—An important addition to the British Royal Navy was made at the Woolwich Dockyard on Tuesday afternoon, by the launch of Her Majesty's armoured screw-corvette Pallas, of six guns and 600-horse power, which was laid down in October, 1863, and has been constructed from the designs and under the personal superintendence of Mr. E. J. Reed, Chief Constructor to the Board of Admiralty. The following are the exact dimensions, &c., of the vessel:—Length between the perpendiculars, 225 ft.; ditto of keel for tonnage, 187 ft. 8 in.; breadth extreme, 50 ft.; ditto, moulded, 48 ft. 1 in.; ditto for tonnage, 48 ft. 9 in.; depth in hold, 16 ft. 5 in.; height of port, 7 ft. 9 in.; mean draught of water, 21 ft.; burden in tons, 2372 ft. The weight of her 44-in. wrought-iron armour-plates, manufactured by Messrs. Boulton and Co., will be 600 tons, and the weight of her guns 120 tons. She will be fitted with the most improved engines of 600 nominal horse-power, by Messrs. Humphreys and Tennant, of Deptford, and so constructed as to develop great indicated power, with a consumption of coal of only 24 lb. per horse-power per hour. Her armament will consist of six heavy guns, five of which will be protected, but the exact description of her guns will depend upon the results of experiments which have yet to be carried out in order to ascertain the most efficient weapon for the naval service.

## OUR FEUILLETON.

## A HONEYMOON ON THE HIGH ROAD.

The Revolution of 1848 brought forth many eccentric sketches of the effects of barricades upon domestic life, but none more amusing than Arsene Houssaye's view of a wedding in a revolutionary storm. Let us put it before the reader.

A long line of broughams and chariots in front of Saint Thomas d'Aquin announced a fashionable wedding. We assist in thought at the ceremony. The mother weeps—remembering her own wedding day; the father is grave, and is perhaps reflecting that the marriage ceremony is but a kind of funeral service for the filial love of his child. The bride thinks that she is looking her best, and the bridegroom already beholds the first silver rays of the honeymoon. Where will they go to see it rise and watch it at its full?

While thus thinking, I am reminded of a certain honeymoon which rose in the midst of the Revolution of 1848, at the moment when all Europe was fighting and bleeding. A friend of mine had just decided to pitch his tent in Paris. He was clever, and an idler—only because he had been waiting ten years for a consulship in the East, which never came. People said he was a dreamer; but he contrived to be quite awake in all his dealings with a certain banker in Bourse-land. And I may take the opportunity of here remarking that my friend, Henri de Fontenay, laid the foundation of his castles in Spain on some hundreds of acres of good solid earth in Beance and Normandy. As, therefore, he was not so much a dreamer as a landed proprietor, the banker bestowed on him the hand of his daughter, after having passed a whole night doing sums in addition and subtraction, in order to convince himself of the future happiness of his child.

Mdlle. Julie Lafare was not exactly a young lady dressed in bank notes; on the contrary, an odour of nature and poetry mingled most pleasantly in her native atmosphere of Five per Cents. The chink of gold had not stopped her ears to the sound of the ideal voice which sings hymns of love so charmingly to us all—at twenty! Up to the time of which we write a marriage of hearts was rare—a good position espoused a handsome fortune, and that was considered enough. But mothers and fathers were not alone to blame in the matter; young girls themselves were greatly at fault. The rage for titles, the love of money, banished everything like nature or romance from their minds. I overheard a charming child, who had inhaled the fragrance of the hawthorn but seventeen springs, one day confide to a friend that she intended to marry no one but a Peer of France or a stockbroker! The friend, on her side, had decided views in favour of a Prince or a banker.

But Julie Lafare truly loved Henri de Fontenay. She neither troubled herself about titles, which he had not, nor money, which he had. She saw him and she loved him; just as things came to pass in the golden age. She was happy in knowing that he did nothing, and that he neither knew how nor cared to do anything; and, to the credit of Henri be it known, it was not the bank that had attracted him to the banker. Mdlle. Julie Lafare had appeared to him, when he first met her at a diplomatic fete, like the living and breathing image of his ideal. She was so fair, so fresh and delicate, that to see her amongst a group of women possessing a fifteen or twenty years' reputation for beauty put you in mind of a pastel by Rosalba or La Tour in a gallery of portraits dimmed and tarnished by time.

The wedding was to take place on the 24th of February, 1848. On the evening of the 23rd the Mayor, with his tricolor scarf, was found, after a great deal of difficulty. While the young bride-elect signed, Mousieur le Maire indulged in a political and moral discourse as to the state of the times. On leaving the mairie, the wedding-party were unable to find their carriages. While the Mayor had been exerting all the eloquence induced by the wearing of the tricolor scarf, that there was nothing serious in this manifestation of children at the breast, the heroic *gamine* had fought the coachmen, and overturned the carriages to make a barricade. That night Julie passed alone in her chamber, praying for the dead and the wounded. The next morning, at eleven o'clock, Henri arrived at the banker's with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other, in polished shoes and embroidered waistcoat—that is to say, in the toilet of the day before, but covered with mud and blackened with gunpowder.

"Well, but my dear Henri!" said the banker, without lifting his eyes from a dozen of newspapers which he had before him, "My dear boy, we cannot marry you to-day, you know."

"How do you mean?" exclaimed Henri. "Not be married to-day? Who says so?"

"Don't you see what is going on—what a tumult we are in? There are youngsters making barricades. M. Molé replaces Guizot; M. Thiers replaces Molé; M. Odillon Barrot replaces—. By-and-by the mob will replace the whole world!"

"We have not a moment to lose," interrupted Henri de Fontenay. "Where is Julie?" He ran to her room and found her dressed for the ceremony.

"Oh, Julie!" cried he, "how beautiful you look! Let us rush to church. In another hour it may perhaps be impossible. Do not leave me a prey to this revolutionary mania, with which all Paris is infected. Look at me. I have been fighting like a madman; if I had any pride I should say like a *gamin*. To-morrow the Republic, but love for to-day!"

Mdlle. Lafare threw herself into Henri's arms. "Yes, let us go," said he, "far away from here; to the end of the world, if you like!"

"Dear Julie!" cried Henri, "but you must change your dress, for we shall have to cross the barricades to get to the church."

An hour afterwards the Ouré of their parish gave them his blessing and united them in a little chapel generally consecrated to the spiders.

"And now," said Henri to Julie, "while your father is discussing there with his friends in the sacristy let us fly off like two turtle doves. We will perch ourselves in some panting railway train and rush away like the wind to wherever we can sip the first sweets of our honeymoon in peace."

They took the road to Rouen, stepped into a carriage, newly baptised the Republic, and from the window witnessed a general scramble and rush to be off. "The dead go fast," says Bürger, but a courtier out of place goes even faster. And in this way they saw pass before them nearly all those who had been foremost at Court and in politics for the last twenty years.

The young couple arrived at Havre the same evening and embarked en route for London; but, at Southampton, became alarmed at hearing of nothing but "meetings." They returned to Havre at once; and, on landing, ran up against an old gentleman looking for all the world like a face on a five-franc piece. Henri and Julie stopped at once, and bowed respectfully. The old gentleman went towards a vessel a little way off, by itself: a monarch had abdicated, and was flying from his native land! Our lovers found themselves at a loss: they would not go to Brussels—rumours true or false, of revolutions reaching them from all sides, even from Holland, where the people asked for little, and the King gave much. However, as it was necessary to go somewhere, they decided on Switzerland, the land of honeymoons! Switzerland, they said, was already a republic; therefore, there was no fear of there being a fight for one. Full of confidence, they hired a chalet half way up a mountain—a chalet all new, and painted, and cut out like a white wooden basket—and made up their minds to instal themselves and their love inside. But, while they were on the road to it—leaving the carriage every now and then to stroll along the banks of a lake or loiter beside a tuft of trees—they came in contact with a body of national troops in full *fanfare*! Our friends were at Neufchâtel, in the midst of revolt! Sadly they turned their thoughts towards Germany. "Let us go," said they, sighing; "there, at all events, is a nation devoted to nothing but waltzing and metaphysics; surely we may settle down quietly at Prague or Munich and taste a *souper* of happiness!—between a problem and a fantasia on the violin!" They set off. But while travelling people said, "Don't go to Vienna nor Berlin, for at Vienna you will find the King of Prussia and at Berlin the Emperor

of Austria, each running away from his capital!" By-and-by, the carriage crossed a bridge and encountered, at full gallop, a horsewoman with flowing locks, young and beautiful as the amazonian Penthesilea, and nearly covering her Turkish barb with the long folds of a purple velvet habit. The postilion had but just time to draw up. "Stop!" cried she, holding under his nose the muzzle of a pocket-pistol. The poor fellow, frightened out of his life, nearly fell back on his seat, while Henri, putting his head out of the carriage window, at once recognised in this Bellona-like beauty the celebrated Countess de Lansfeld.

"Madame," said he, smiling his most *spirituelle* and latest Parisian smile, "we are neither Prussian gendarmes nor Bavarian police. You might as well fire on a clown in a pantomime as fire on us. Pray keep your powder for a worthier political occasion, and, if you please, allow us to continue our journey."

Lola Montes immediately burst out into a joyous peal of laughter, which the surrounding mountains, like old courtiers, echoed again and again.

"One piece of advice deserves another," said she, at length, "Don't go to Bavaria; they are mad there, and have just burnt down my palace!"

Henri and Julie looked at each other in astonishment, while Lola, saluting the young couple with a charming smile and a crack of her riding-whip, put spurs to her horse and galloped off, quick and dazzling as a golden arrow through a ray of sunshine. The eyes of Henri and Julie followed her for some moments, and when she had completely disappeared against the blue Swiss sky they looked at each other, and sadly asked themselves which way they were to direct their steps—what country should be their haven, poor would-be-turtle-doves, in spite of everything?

"Let us go straight ahead," they said. And so they traversed woods, fields, ravines, and mountains until the Rhine superbly barred their passage. Then they embarked on this German Rhine, which was no longer the Rhine of Louis XIV. and Van der Meulen, nor even the Rhine of Nicolas Becker, Justice of the Peace, and warlike poet, but which was very nearly becoming the Rhine of France! Passing a whole procession of old castles, baumed and battlemented, crumbling, sombre, and desolate, our young couple only stopped at Johannisberg, where the first person they saw was an old man sitting in an arbour, with a crystal goblet beside him. It was Prince Metternich drinking his last bottle of Johannisberg.

"Monsieur," said Henri, bowing respectfully to the bottle, "pardon me if in speaking to you I may be disturbing the equilibrium of Europe; but we are a young French bride and bridegroom on the lookout for a cottage just big enough to contain us and our love. Pray, tell us if there are any longer such things in Germany, Monsieur—you, who have the news even before telegraphs and newspapers."

The diplomatic eyes of the Prince flashed with anger, but, seeing nothing but truth and candour on the brows of Henri and Julie, he filled his goblet afresh, swallowed the contents at one draught, and then buried his face in his hands.

"Monsieur le Ministre," said Julie, timidly.

"I am no longer Minister!" answered he.

"Prince!" hazarded Henri.

"There are no Princes!"

"Well, then, Monsieur l'Autrichien," said Henri, once more.

The Prince lifted up his head, and, in a voice as sad as a German *ballade*, said:—"Austria exists no longer; the Austrians have destroyed it in destroying me. There is no longer any diplomacy, for I was the last diplomatist, and I am forbidden to exercise my profession. Oh, Talleyrand you did well to die! Our great art is at an end; political padlocks are no more; the people break them, not knowing the secret of opening them; and the axe is a key that fits all locks! The bad times are fast approaching when words will only be given to Ministers to express their thoughts—even when they have no thoughts to express. Pity me, then, for here I am reduced to drinking my last draught of diplomacy—that is to say, my last bottle of Johannisberg—the liquor with which I have mystified Europe during the last sixty years!" Prince Metternich ceased, having apparently nothing more to drink or to say.

From this date we are unable to trace the route of our friends Henri and Julie; but we had imagined them safely arrived at the land of promise, when we one day received the following letter, dated Brescia, March 19, 1848:—

"My dear Friend.—At last we have arrived in Italy, after having journeyed through innumerable cities, all more or less in a state of revolution. Up to this time we have not had an hour's leisure—an hour's tranquillity. We have only been at this place half an hour, and already are about to leave it. We are afraid of Milan and Venice. We know that Rome has a national carnival, and Florence a Grand Duke, who occasionally edits the constitution; that Naples has King to-day, and may have a Masaniello to-morrow. We then thought of Monaco; but it appears that there they are proclaiming a republic. There was the Republic of Saint-Marin, it is true; only that they are now proposing to appoint an Emperor. Prophetic whispers reached us from the Cossack quarter. Asia, it is said, is coming westwards to draw swords against the Emperor of All the Russias. In fact, we see the moon rise every night in all forms and colours (I believe it is *tricolor* with you); but we never get at our honeymoon. 'I see land!' we cried, on reaching Brescia. We would have been pleased to forget the world and its revolutions in this bountiful Lombardy, where already the spring has arrived, with its hands full of fruit and flowers. However, no sooner had we left the *diligence* than I was seized by the collar, and asked if I was not the vice-king, rumours having been spread about that this personage, banished from Milan, was intending to take refuge in Brescia, where he was supposed to have friends. 'Citizen,' said I to the functionary, 'you do me an injury. I come from a country in which the word "king" is scratched out from the dictionary.' We were surrounded by the rabble, whom I was in vain endeavouring to pacify, when another carriage drove up. The crowd at once turned their attention from us, ran off to the new arrivals, seized a man as he was getting out of the carriage, and dragged him violently to be bullied and abused in the public place. I have not yet ascertained if this was the unlucky vice-king. There is no doubt that this place is in uproar as well as the rest of Europe. Danton said that one could not carry the country away on the soles of one's shoes; but it really seems to me that on mine I carry about the fruitful dust of revolt, and that, wherever I go, I am a symbol of Republicanism! As there is no chance for us at Brescia, where are we to go? Imagine, my dear friend, the misery of passing one's honeymoon on the high roads of Europe! Julie—I was about to say my wife—has just been whispering in my ear that she is acquainted with a land in which we can live and love in peace. Really women are the only beings who have common-sense in these matters. This country she tells me off, that we have gone so far to find, turns out to be that which we first left. So, my friend, we go back at once to Paris. Will you be kind enough to give orders that our house may be ready by to-morrow night, and open to receive the full rays of this very gipsy and vagabond honeymoon.—Yours, in fraternity,

HENRI DE FONTENAY.

"N.B. Paris is the only land for lovers!"

A NEW COMEDY, entitled "Society," and written by the author of "David Garrick," is to be produced in a few weeks at the Prince of Wales Theatre, Liverpool.

THE EMPEROR CARICATURED.—A letter from Paris states that quinquagaines and caricatures in great numbers now circulate secretly in that city, many of which have been prompted by the "Life of Caesar." In one caricature Napoleon I. is seen in the distance on a lonely rock in the midst of the ocean. In the foreground is Napoleon III. At his feet lies an obese and manacled human figure representing France, and behind is a human figure representing Europe, seemingly oppressed and haggard with the weight of armament it wears, and with eternally watching the Third Napoleon. The artist has ingeniously made the face of the latter to resemble one of the Roman Caesars as nearly as the peculiar features of the present Emperor and modern heroic adornments will allow. Beneath the picture are the words, "Nor has the ostracism of Napoleon by conspiring Europe prevented the resuscitation of the empire."

## VISIT OF THE KICKAPOO INDIANS TO THE EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

OUR readers will probably have been a little surprised at one or two brief paragraphs in the daily newspapers recording the fact that the "Kickapoos" had arrived, and had an interview with the Emperor, or that they were expected at Mexico. These Kickapoos, the party represented in our Engraving, are, in fact, an embassy from a tribe of Indians originally dwelling in North America, who have crossed the United States, whence they were driven by the gradual clearing of the forests, and now intend to establish themselves on the Mexican side of the Rio Bravo, or Rio Grande, the stream which separates the two territories. The inhabitants of the city of Mexico have been not a little interested in seeing a score of these picturesque North Americans enter their streets, presenting in their stately movements and impulsive, strongly-marked features a remarkable contrast to the tribes of the Mexican valleys and forests.

During the presidency of Orléans an embassy made its appearance in Mexico in order to ask for a concession of territory, which was granted; but, in spite of this concession, the tribe have been molested by the Comanches, and even by the Mexicans themselves; and the Government of Mexico, which was too feeble to control the disorders of the brigands at Pedregal, four leagues from the capital, could do nothing for them.

This tribe was on the side of the French during the old Canadian war, and they were escorted from Monterrey, in order that they might be presented to Marshal Bazaine, at Mexico.

Swathed rather than draped in red or blue mantles, their heads ornamented with extraordinary contrivances mingled with the plumes of birds of prey, sable skins, ribbons, and glass beads, they passed along with the long, rapid swing peculiar to the Indian. Scarcely any expression of surprise or admiration could be detected in their sinewy faces indicating that they belonged to an active and vigorous race, but the total absence of weapons depriving them of their warlike character.

The chief, an extremely old man, carries suspended from his neck, as a token of command, a large silver plate, on which is engraved a jaguar, and a medal, about the size of a crown piece, bearing the effigy of Louis XV.

For the ceremony of presentation their faces were painted in a variety of colours, and they were accompanied by three women and an infant. Two gigantic negroes from Texas acted as interpreters, and seemed to understand the Indian idioms, though they knew nothing of Spanish. They therefore translated into English, which is little spoken at Mexico; and we suppose their remarks were afterwards translated into French.

The Emperor and Empress of Mexico received these children of the forest with great kindness, and admitted them to dine at the Imperial table at Chapultepec. They were also permitted to visit all the places of interest in the city, protected against a too demonstrative popularity by a small escort of French *fantassins*; and will, no doubt, have much to say to their tribe of the reception which was accorded to them by the new ruler of Mexico.

## THE FRENCH IN MEXICO.

THE news of the progress of the Imperial arms in Mexico has lately been so uncertain, in consequence of contradictory reports, that it would at least appear as though the recall of the French troops, already deferred, would be indefinitely postponed. With the recent announcement that the annual deficit in the Mexican treasury was 20,000,000 dols., come advices that fighting continued in the interior between the Juárezists and the Imperialists. Meanwhile, Juárez himself had issued an address from Cuauhtémoc declaring that he would devote himself to the national defence and the maintenance of the Mexican flag, and denouncing the Emperor Maximilian as a usurper and an instrument to enslave a free people.

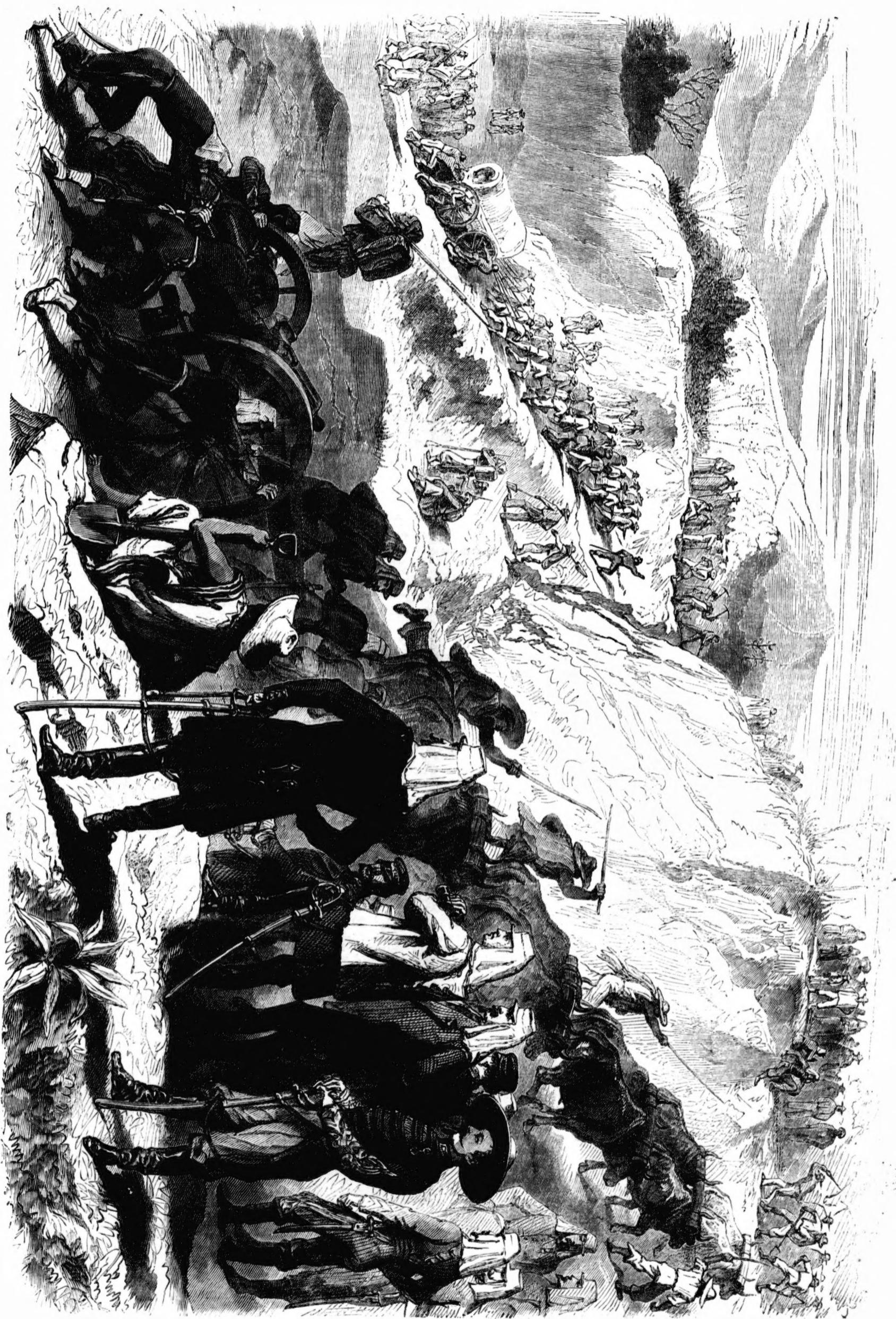
Our Engraving represents the preparations for the last important operation of which we have any certain intelligence—namely, the investment of Oaxaca by the French force under Marshal Bazaine. The department of which Oaxaca is the capital comprehends the south portion of the isthmus of Tehuantepec and the table-land of Mixtecapán, on the Pacific coast. This fertile table-land, from which the lofty central cordillera of Mexico branches off northward, is rich in cereals, cotton, indigo, and other produce, but is most celebrated as the place from which cochineal was first taken to the Mexican ports. The city itself lies on the left bank of the Rio Verde, 200 miles S.S.E. from Mexico, and is one of the finest towns in the country, since it is well paved, regularly built, and adorned with a cathedral, an archiepiscopal palace, and numerous churches, monasteries, and public buildings, besides possessing several considerable manufactories for sugar, cotton, chocolate, &c., and a population of about 26,000 souls.

The campaign set on foot for the taking of this city by the French was prosecuted with such vigour that success was certain, as has been proved by the result; for it is stated in a telegram that the garrison of Oaxaca, numbering 7000 men, had surrendered to General Bazaine. It is probable that the insurgent commander, Porfirio Diaz, who is said to have been taken and shot, never believed that his opponents would attempt to convey all the materials necessary for a regular siege over a hilly country destitute of regular roads, and reached by means almost inaccessible to waggons. It was necessary, however, that the waggons and siege-trains should cross those "barracones," one of which is represented in our Engraving, great crevices of valleys growing larger after every rainy season, and the question was by what means to overcome the difficulty. There is no such word as impossible in the French army, since that expression was abolished from the military dictionary by the first Napoleon, and General Courtois d'Hurlaz profited, dexterously enough, by the enthusiasm displayed by the Indians for the Imperial cause. As pioneers these half-civilised aides were invaluable, and while the excitement lasted they worked with so much spirit that the great "fourgons" were taken to within a short distance of the walls of Oaxaca. So bad was the only available route that it took a dozen bullocks to drag the first gun of the advance train up the heights; but the Indian pioneers worked heartily to render the way a little more practicable, while about fifty of them lagged away at each carriage which was not provided with the mules and horses necessary to transport the ammunition and baggage. Thus the approach was effected in good order, and (it is said) amidst a thousand expressions of devotion on the part of the Indians.

ROYAL NATIONAL LIFE-BOAT INSTITUTION.—The annual general meeting of this institution was held on Tuesday at the London Tavern—the Duke of Argyll in the chair. The noble chairman paid a tribute of respect to the memory of the late Duke of Northumberland, the eminent patron and president of the institution, which, he said, through its relief of human suffering, was one of the most important aids of civilisation. He attributed the necessity for life-boats to the insufficiency of harbours on our coasts; and, having alluded to the generous donor who had recently contributed to the funds, he concluded by sincerely congratulating the society on the many successes it had gained during the past year. The secretary then read the report, which stated that Earl Percy has accepted the vacant office of president. The donations last year had been liberal, as usual, and included one splendid gift of £5000 from an anonymous contributor. Last year thirty-four life-boats were built, of which fifteen are intended to replace old boats, and the rest are for new stations. The institution now possesses 144 boats, and in the course of last year they saved 432 lives, and brought into port seventeen vessels, and were ready or on the way to render assistance in numerous other cases. The committee has granted rewards to the amount of £1533. Three men perished out of 12,000 who were at sea in life-boats in the course of the year, of whom James Grant and Edmund Robson were lost on the occasion of the wreck of the Stanley at the mouth of the Tyne, on the night of Nov. 23. The receipts during the past year were £31,917, the expenditure, £29,034. Since the year 1842 the agency of the institution has saved the lives of 14,260 persons. They have expended during the same period £122,000, have given 528 gold and 743 silver medals for the saving of life on the ocean, and also pecuniary rewards amounting together to £19,400.



AMBASSADORS FROM THE KICKAPOO INDIANS TO THE EMPEROR OF MEXICO.



INVESTMENT OF OAXACA, MEXICO.

## OPERA AND CONCERTS.

THE season at the Royal English Opera comes to an end this evening. Her Majesty's Theatre closed some days ago, then opened again, and then again closed. According to Alfred de Musset, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, and the doors of Her Majesty's will now remain *fermées* until the arrival of Mr. Mapleson and his Italians. They are not expected, we believe, until Easter. Easter, however, falls so late this year, that, if (as seems to be expected) Parliament is dissolved in July, the Easter week, instead of marking the beginning of the London season, will divide it into nearly equal portions. Mr. Gye has already recognised the propriety of moving with the times; and, instead of waiting for Easter Tuesday, his usual opening day (or night), has determined to commence operations at the Royal Italian Opera on the 28th of March. This is not progress—for Easter Tuesday falls on the 18th of April—but it is reason. Indeed, if the arrangements with the Royal English Opera Company would have allowed it, we believe, Mr. Gye might have begun with advantage next week. The people who are in the habit of attending the Italian opera (its "patrons," as they are sometimes called) are already in London in large numbers, and have been obliged, since their arrival, either to have no operatic music at all or to attend the English performances at Covent Garden. We cannot pity them; for, however unfashionable it may be to "patronise" a theatre at which English singers are engaged, and in which the operatic language employed is also English, "The Mock Doctor" will have amused them. The music, too, is the work of a foreigner, which is at least one recommendation in favour of the piece.

The success of "The Mock Doctor" as a drama ought to suggest to our managers that there are a few other of Molière's plays which might be produced with advantage on the English stage. Until the production of Mr. Kenney's excellent version of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui," "Le Tartuffe" (why "Le Tartuffe," by-the-way, for such, whatever it means, is the title of the comedy?) was the only one that had been performed in England, and in English, within the memory of the present generation. We believe that nearly every one of Molière's comedies, dramas, and farces would succeed in England. They ought not to be brought out as "adaptations," however, in the sense in which that word is now generally used, but as translations; and not only ought the French original to be adhered to as closely as possible, but it would even be advisable to copy the costumes of the characters from those worn at the Théâtre Français. Any attempt to modernise or Anglicise the plays would give much trouble to the persons undertaking the work, and would end inevitably in failure. Such originality as is shown in "The Hypocrite," by dragging into the piece a character who in the work from which "The Hypocrite" is adapted has no existence, would not be appreciated in the present day. Molière must be taken as he is or left alone.

The great merit in Mr. Kenney's version of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" is its fidelity to the original. We do not speak so much of verbal fidelity, for it would be impossible to translate Molière word for word and at the same time render him into idiomatic English. It is necessary to imitate rather than to copy him. An exact copy, a word-for-word translation, would be cramped and stiff; whereas the original is full of naturalness and ease. Molière's plays abound in phrases which have become proverbial in France; and Molière too literally translated would be like the literal translation of a French proverb. Of course, however, the libretto, to which M. Gounod has composed the music, is not Molière "pure and simple." It is Molière as arranged by MM. Barbier and Carré; but those ingenious librettists have had the decency to respect their great national dramatist. They have not treated him as they treated Goethe in arranging "Faust," and their "Médecin Malgré Lui" is only Molière's "Médecin Malgré Lui," with additional songs, and with portions of his prose dialogue turned into verse.

To translate verses written for music so that in their translated form the music shall still suit them, is one of the most difficult and painful tasks that can be conceived. To write a libretto at all (*experto credite!*) is bad enough; even for that, a good deal of hard carpentering is required before the words can be got to fit the music, which, nevertheless, has been manufactured expressly for them. But to translate a libretto which has its own music fastened to it is like dancing in fetters. Mr. Kenney, in translating the versified portion of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" does not seem to have felt their weight; and the songs read as flowingly as if they had been written without any reference to the quaint and clever, but not very flowing, music of M. Gounod.

By-the-way, did not some critic ask, the other day, why the "Sganarelle" of the original "Médecin Malgré Lui" became "Dominique" in "The Mock Doctor"? The reason is very simple. The English actors could not have pronounced such a word as "Sganarelle," whereas any body can say "Dominique." Sganarelle is not at all a nice word to sing, and this has been felt to be the case in France as well as in England. Thus there is one operatic version of "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" in which the woodcutter is called "Bérnabé."

Mrs. John Holman Andrews' soirée musicale d'invitation was attended by a large and fashionable audience. The ladies and gentlemen of Mrs. Andrews's "Amateur Vocal Class" sung a selection from Haydn's first mass, and the Hallelujah Chorus from Beethoven's "Mount of Olives," in the first part, in very creditable style. Some part-songs by Mr. Henry Smart were also sung by the same ladies and gentlemen. In Spohr's "As pants the hart" the voice of Master Russell Andrews, formerly of Westminster Abbey, told with much effect; and a daughter of the concert-giver, Miss Theodora Andrews, exhibited a fine contralto voice in Curschmann's "Ti prego." In the quartet from "Rigoletto," Mrs. Holman Andrews took the soprano part, and was assisted by Miss Webb, Mr. Trelawny Cobham, and Signor Ciabatta. Mrs. Holman Andrews also played (with Mr. Blagrove) Osborne and De Beriot's duet for the pianoforte and violin, on airs from "La Favorita." Mr. Arthur Butt was the conductor.

There have been mysterious doings in the musical world at Munich, and the Munich journals hint that, for some unknown reason, Herr Wagner has lost the favour of his hitherto firm patron, the King. At the last representation of "The Flying Dutchman" the King's box remained empty, and it is just possible that Herr Wagner may have taken offence at this and left the city in disgust. According to one newspaper, Herr Wagner "has completely trifled away the Royal favour; and trifled it away, too, in such a manner that it is only to be hoped feelings of distrust may not be aroused so very soon in the youthful monarch's heart, which is so good and noble." Herr Wagner, then, has done something which may have the effect of embittering the young Sovereign's disposition for ever. What can it be? It has been vaguely hinted that Herr Wagner and some of his particular friends "had taken undue advantage of the Royal favour;" but this has been declared by the most particular of all Herr Wagner's friends to be "an infamous calumny." Then another explanation was tried, and it was suggested that Herr Wagner wanted a portrait of himself, executed by a friend named Pech, to be paid for out of the Royal purse; this Herr Pech most emphatically denies. In the meanwhile, the King of Bavaria no longer goes to hear Wagner's operas; perhaps he has heard them often enough. However that may be, the friends of the great composer are very much troubled about him, and he has now written a letter to the *Allgemeine Zeitung* in order "to allay the anxiety," and to assure them (without, however, going into any details) that what has been stated concerning him and his friends in the Munich papers "is false."

GENERAL MCLELLAN.—A letter from Rome of the 7th says:—"General Mclellan is still here, and attracts much attention. Last night Mrs. Storey, whose guest the General is, had a large dinner party; in the evening there was a reception, at which a large number of Americans, English, and Romans, embracing all of any rank or consideration, were present. General Mclellan, who is a man of pleasure, gentlemanly, and unassuming manners, has created a decidedly agreeable impression here. He remains about ten days longer, and then goes on to Naples."

## Literature.

*Lynn of the Crags.* A Novel. By CHARLOTTE SMITH, Author of "The Schoolmaster of Alton," &c. 3 vols. S. Low, Son, and Marston.

"Lynn of the Crags" is in many respects above the novel-writing of uncelebrated authors. It begins with a kind of extraneous chapter, which ultimately fits into the text; and although many of the scenes are devoted to plain country life, which becomes a little tiresome, by the middle of the third volume the reader is breathless with interest, and remains so to the close. Moreover, ordinary sagacity will make but little of the secret until it can scarcely be kept longer. This is, and intentionally, no faint praise; and, besides that, we have no hesitation in saying that Miss Charlotte Smith, who writes well, is very certain to write better. The company consist of the great people at "The Crags," the honest but prosaic people at the "White House Farm," and the attorney's family at the neighbouring cathedral city of Cloisterford. As a matter of course, these people come into collision for good and for evil, and through many of the incidents some of the characters are drawn dramatically and well. Although no comparison between "Lynn of the Crags" with "The Vicar of Wakefield," Miss Austen's "Pride and Prejudice," Mrs. Gaskell's charming little "Cranford," or even "Evelina" (nearly all ladies), or other masterpieces in which morals are drawn from the mingling of high and low, could safely be made, it is not too much to say that many of the characters are given with humour and delicacy of touch, and constant evidence of great power of observation on the part of the writer. For the other side of the picture, it is painful to find such an idea of society as is conveyed by the fact that the two low-born young ladies of the story are always wondering whether their two high-born lovers *really mean to marry them*, which constantly keeps a disagreeable alternative, or, rather, medium position, before the eye of the reader. But it is plain that Miss Smith has no opinion of society. As soon as she gets amongst good company there is a train of suicide, seduction, murder, and monstrosities of many kinds which cannot be repeated, and which are so numerous and so horrible that they defeat their purpose and become absurd. The whole romance contained in the third volume is written with commendable rapidity and spirit; but it conveys imputations on our lively neighbours which suggest a very limited acquaintance with French society. We much prefer Miss Smith in passages where she seems at home. The following explains that her aristocratic lover is suddenly penniless. The young lady's change from crimson blushing to cool confidence is not seen every day, and is effective:—

"At dinner, papa spoke of Lynn of the Crags. 'He has been doing no good in London—betting, drinking, gambling; not much else, I feel convinced. His appearance is positively rakish and dissipated. I should not wish you to prosecute your romantic friendship, Edith, with that gentleman.'

"His coat was threadbare at the elbows," observed my stepmother with a laugh; "just fancy, what an awful come down!"

"I could not command my countenance: my face flushed hotly, and I began to shake the pepper-box over the bread-and-butter pudding to which my stepmother had helped me.

"Take care what you are doing, Edith!" said the cold unpromising voice of my father.

I started guiltily.

"I allude to the pepper-box," said the attorney drily; "you have made that pudding uneatable. You should concentrate your attention upon your employment, whatever that may be.—Jane, bring Miss Chester another plate."

I stared helplessly at papa. He looked away from me, however; and yet how well I knew that he guessed rightly how much Lynn of the Crags had had to do with the peeling of the nice sweet pudding!

Mrs. Chester laughed. "That's Edith all over," she said; "her thoughts are so often in the clouds."

"The physiology of the clouds is an interesting occupation for the thoughts," observed papa.

Upon this I tried to laugh. "I never gave myself much to the study of natural philosophy, papa. I really do think about the clouds sometimes, but it is when they are bright and rich-coloured at sunset, or when they are black and silver, floating solemnly round the moon. I do dream of their beauty; but I never think of their component parts, their attraction, and absorption, and all that—it would destroy the poetry of their association."

"The more that kind of poetical dreaming is destroyed, the better and more practical the world will become," said the attorney.

"I think you are wrong, papa," I ventured to say, boldly. "Do you think the wicked rough people whose violent deeds fill the newspapers ever loose themselves in cloud-land or poetic dreamings? They are so very practical, papa, that they become brutal—don't you think so?"

And now that the book has been honestly commended, Miss Charlotte Smith must be recommended not to imagine that the son of an Earl of Marchmont could be a *Lord* Frederick Annesley, nor that an English gentleman in these days could buy a commission in the Army under a false name. And wicked old Begums do not carry on in Paris and in English country towns with that liberal spirit of murder and maniac-making so familiar (as all travellers know) to Begums in their native climes. And young ladies should not talk off three pages at a time concerning "Sheen" and "all the West!" nor should they talk soul and Tennyson with that eternal heart-painter without whom they fancy no novel to be complete. At all events, if they do, they must not expect society to read them.

*Masaniello of Naples: the Record of a Nine Days' Revolution.* By MRS. HORACE ROSCOE ST. JOHN. Tinsley Brothers.

The nine days' revolution of Naples in 1647 might be called a nine days' wonder. True, the great thing about a revolution is that it should do something, make changes which will have some kind of permanency even if but for a few years, and not be actually overthrown as soon as it is accomplished. The revolution of Tommaso Aniello accomplished something, indeed, but a moment sufficed for all the purposes of its destruction. Perhaps the "raw haste" has always been "half sister to delay," and the nine days' wonder of 1647 may have delayed Garibaldis of various names for more than 200 years. The gourd grew up in a single night, but is understood not to have been a life good at most horticultural insurance offices. And at break of day the King counted "ships in thousands and men in nations" all strangely gathered together, "and when the sun set, where were they?" It is easy enough to "knock up" a pleasure-party hastily; but then something in the commissariat is sure to be forgotten, the whole affair proves a failure, and people resolve never to have anything to do with such things again. We may assume that the dry details of Masaniello's life are known to every reader who has ever turned over the pages of no matter what biographical dictionary; and, therefore, it will be sufficient to say that Mrs. St. John's volume contains an ample survey of those incidents compiled with curiously-minute research from the dozen or more Italian histories devoted to the hero. The result is interesting reading, although there is a terrible sameness of incident until towards the conclusion. Just the account of the heartlessness and treachery of the Italian nobles, and the singular calmness, ability, and most disinterested patriotism of Masaniello; until, by accidents almost forced upon him by his own devoted followers, he became a prey to the hospitalities of the Duke of Arcos, the Spanish Viceroy, by whom (in all probability) he was poisoned into madness, followed by intoxication, wild excesses, even unto homicide, until, swiftly enough, the hired assassins finished his brief career. Such an affair seems like madness from the beginning. A purely plebeian revolution never yet was successful for any time. Masaniello's mass of men made up nothing but brute force; and as soon as his ruin was accomplished the affair was over. It was not in the nature of the Neapolitan nobles or gentry to take that side in a squabble which affected unpleasantly their own interests. The patricians were not patriots, because it "did not pay." In England, at that time, had been going on for years a revolution which terminated in no uncommon manner; but it was yet a great success; and, although overturned for a time by the philosophic weakness of "the dog!" as Carlyle calls him, who always preferred the society of Miss Major to affairs of state, the revolution completed its work within thirty years, and the workmanship remains good to this day. The work of fifty years was

never to be done in nine days, and never to be done without a fair proportion of good blood and good names. This "Masaniello of Naples" is to be recommended as a very conscientious narrative of a most interesting struggle. It contains all that is to be had in a style at once truthful and picturesque.

*Legends of Number Nip.* By MARK LEMON. Illustrated by Charles Keene. Macmillan and Co.

These legends, five in number, are by Museus, one of the most graceful and humorous of the German writers of fairy tales. They are professedly compiled from an English translation published shortly after the author's death; but Mr. Lemon has wisely put them into a more compact and sequential form, as they originally contained much for which the translator only was responsible, and much that wanted emendation for modern ears. In their present shape—a very handsome shape, by-the-way—they cannot fail to give great delight. Mr. Keene's pretty engravings have sometimes a curious mixture of the German style, combined with his well-known happy English touch.

## NEW POETRY.

*Elsie, Flights to Fairyland,* &c. By J. CRAWFORD WILSON. Edward Moxon and Co.

*Sonnets, and other Poems.* By E. H. W. WALTON and Maberley.

*Stone Talk (Lithophonema),* &c. By FRANK BAKER, D.O.N. Robert Hardwicke.

We are always glad to welcome anybody who speaks in verse, provided he has got something to say which is worth hearing, and knows something of the art and music of verse-writing. Of the three volumes before us—three as utterly distinct volumes as could be grouped together—we can speak fairly in favourable terms. Mr. Wilson's "Elsie" is here revised from a "private circulation" copy, which had the benefit of many suggestions from the late Sir Thomas Talfourd. It is a story of a happy village life destroyed by a marriage followed by the wealthy husband's heartless desertion. The Lord of Burleigh turns traitor. The story is told in long couplets, which Mr. Wilson manages with power and delicacy. There is nothing striking, but a good average of well-written moralising is kept up; and if the reflections are not as new as the last comet, they are at all events put into sufficient light of language to command attention. The fresh robes of a time-honoured theme are most gracefully donned:—

Days seem'd but hours, so fleetly did they pass—  
'Tis ever thus with Youth—Time's tell-tale glass  
For it seems turned too slowly. Youth but knows  
The side where summer sits; the chilling snows  
Of wintry age are strangers—it would mingle  
The future with the present; yet no single  
Thought of declining years should dim the view,  
All must be sunshine still—all bright—all new.  
Vain dreamer Youth! those hours whose leaden feet  
Ye chide for seeming tardiness, are fleet  
And overtake Old Age! Ah, then the tide  
Of ardent hope is changed on every side  
Death strikes at such as ye! the eye will fear  
To glance beyond the present! dark and drear  
The prospect of the future—every tomb  
Will whisper sadly, "We can make thee room."  
The heart will shrink, as chimes each funeral bell,  
For its own depths re-echo every knell.  
Those in the windows then will cease to see;  
The light grasshopper shall a burthen be;  
The broken wheel beside the cistern cast,  
With life's loosed silver cord must lie at last.  
The Sun alone unchanged shall brightly glow,  
Gilding this epitaph, "Dust lies below."

"Flights to Fairy Land" are a few stories on the Ingoldsby model, but poetic and refined. Some of them have already been successful in the *Dublin University Magazine*. The occasional pieces which conclude the volume are of a more thoughtful and maturing kind than those which poets usually "throw in."

"E. H. W." stands bashfully on the threshold of his name. He need not be nervous at disclosing it. His sonnets and some others of the poems are devotional, and have evidently been the dear delights of a patient sickness. Thus the titles run:—"The Lesson of Life," "Submission," "Watching," "Communion," "Omniscience," "Loss," "Captivity," &c., and they appear to run on in an uncertain sequence. They are hard reading, it must be confessed, and will be only read by those who have made religious verse their study. In case all our readers might not care for a specimen of them, we will give three or four verses from elsewhere, which will be valued by all. It seems to have sprung from the same fount as Wordsworth's ode on the "Intimations of Immortality in Youth."

## THE LAST STEP.

"Hast thou travelled far?  
Mine was a short and sunny way;  
I journeyed only at break of day,  
With the morning star.

"In the forest path,  
Little of other ways I knew;  
The shadows hid not heaven from  
view,  
But they hid the earth."

"Alas, poor child!  
Thy wanderings have ended soon,  
 Ere yet the hot bright rays of  
noon  
On thy forehead smiled.

Mr. Frank Baker must not be offended when he hears that we have not fairly read his "Stone Talk" all through. But a turning of the pages, and the reading of page here and there, is sufficient to show the machinery of the book and the merits of the author. A certain Dr. Polyglott gets dreadfully tipsy, and, leaving his friend at three o'clock in the morning, rests upon a doorstep. The door-step speaks, and upsets all the Doctor's ideas. As for the stone speaking, that is an easy affair. Everything has been written in stones, even sermons; and the present stone is good enough to decipher its own cuneiform character for itself and for us. As may be expected, a furious satire runs through every page, and everything is unmercifully but humorously treated from first to last. The metre is Hudibrastic, and the lines flowing and ringing; for Mr. Baker does not hesitate to cut his words into halves for the sake of rhyming, and for the same purpose every possible license is taken. It is all good sport, but readers may be doubtful if the author be always in earnest, and whether he may not be at times a little derisive at that learning with which he is so liberal. If the edition be large and read, and the poem be understood and persuasive, various changes may be looked for in England. The author has already effected one change. He has revived much of the coarseness of the Hudibrastic age. A very bad precedent.

## STOPPAGE OF THE BANK OF ATTWOOD, SPOONER, AND CO., BIRMINGHAM.

BIRMINGHAM was in a state of great confusion and excitement on Saturday last, when news of the failure of Messrs. Attwood, Spooner, and Marshall, and Co.'s Bank was first spread abroad in the town. The old standing of the establishment, the respectability of its partners, and the confidence reposed in it by all classes, had given it the character of an institution, and the Birmingham people considered it to be as safe as the Bank of England. All classes trusted their deposits in it, and the consequence of the failure, it is feared, will be very disastrous to a number of the small tradesmen and manufacturers with which the district, more perhaps than any other hive of industry in England, abounds. Business was conducted as usual up to the closing of banking hours on Friday, the 10th, but a petition in bankruptcy was filed that night, and on Saturday morning a notice appeared on the doors of the bank intimating the stoppage. Simultaneously with the closing of the bank the following circular was issued by the firm:—

It is with feelings of the deepest concern and distress we announce that we are compelled to suspend payment, and this at the moment when, after



